

10

MAY

# FORGET COMICS

**Font settings:**

WHITE STREAM

Get Pages All in Full Color

[illegible] $\gamma_{\text{H}_2\text{O}} = 100\%$ 

**BULL'S-EYE BILL • LUCKY BYRD • CITY EDITOR • T-MEN • 2-R**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# MANOWAR THE WHITE STREAK

by CARL BURGOS



THE EERIE WAIL OF THE AIRRAID WARNING ECHOES AS A SQUADRON OF MYSTERY PLANES FLIES OVER THE CITY OF LONDON — SENDING THE PEOPLE SHRIEKING TO SHELTERS.

-GET EVERYONE TO BOMB SHELTERS! -BLIMEY! -DID YOU SEE THAT STRANGE PERSON DART AROUND THE BUILDING?

-AYE! -A QUEER LOOKING CHAP REMINDS ME OF A NEWS-PAPER PICTURE I SAW OF A FELLOW KNOWN AS MANOWAR - THE WHITE STREAK!



-BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE IN LONDON?

-I WISH I KNEW. -TH' STREETS ARE CLEAR, LET'S GO TO OUR STATIONS!

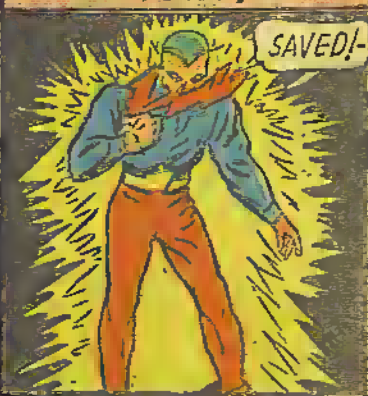


-AS MANOWAR MOVES THRU THE CITY, ANOTHER WHISTLE SOUNDS - THIS TIME A GAS RAID WARNING! THE SOLDIERS HURRIEDLY DON THEIR GAS MASKS.



-AND ME WITHOUT A MASK!

-IN A FLASH, MANOWAR'S EYES SPARK, AND A SCREEN OF GAS RESISTING ELECTRONS WRAP THEMSELVES TIGHTLY AROUND HIS BODY! -



SAVED!



AS THE GAS CLEARS, MANOWAR  
WIPE AWAY HIS ELECTRONIC  
SCREEN—ONLY TO SEE MASKED  
SOLDIERS LYING SPRAWLED IN  
ALL DIRECTIONS—

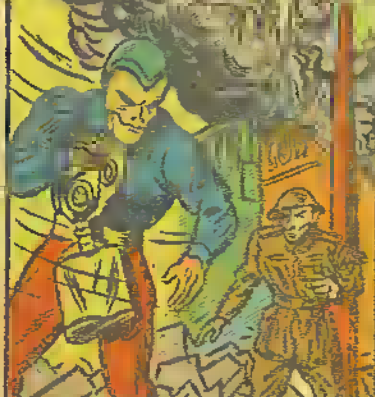
JUMPING ELECTRONS! THESE  
MASKS SMELL AWFUL! THE  
GAS PENETRATED THRU THEM!



—HM-M! CARLTON SUPPLY CO.  
—THEY MAKE ARMY SUPPLIES—  
AND DEAD MEN OF THOSE  
WHO USE THEIR MASKS.  
THEY'LL PAY DEARLY FOR  
THIS!



—BLIMY! —I'M  
SEEN' THINGS!  
OLD ON STRANGER—  
AND NO TRICKS!



MANOWAR WHIRLS SUDDENLY—A  
SHARP CRACK ON THE JAW  
SENDS THE SOLDIER FLYING  
ACROSS THE STREET!—



—NOW MISTER,  
WHERE'S THE  
CARLTON ARMY  
SUPPLY CO.  
LOCATED?

—BETWEEN  
NELSON  
AND  
REGINA  
SQUARES, BUT  
YOU'LL NEVER  
GET THERE!



—THINK SO? —HOW'S  
THIS?—



MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESIDENT'S  
OFFICE OF THE CARLTON ARMY  
SUPPLY CO.

—THOSE MYSTERY  
PLANES DID LITTLE  
DAMAGE, —BUT  
YOUR GAS MASKS  
WERE TO BLAME  
FOR THE MOST  
VICIOUS CASE  
OF MASS MURDER,  
I'VE EVER HEARD  
OF, REYNOLDS!—



—I OO! —THERE'S  
NO OTHER  
EXPLANATION!

—YOU'RE A  
FOOL, —WHY  
SHOULD I DO  
A THING  
LIKE THAT?



—AH, I SEE IT ALL NOW! —  
THE PEOPLE THINK I'VE  
SOLD THEM OUT FOR  
MERE GOLD! —  
—IN OTHER WOROS, THEY  
SAY I'M A TRAITOR! —  
GOOD DAY, SIR!





YOUR BROTHER AND I WERE  
THE BEST OF FRIENDS, REYNOLDS!  
-I'M LEAVING THIS GUN  
FOR YOU TO TAKE THE  
GENTLEMAN'S WAY OUT.  
- GOOD DAY!



-HAH! THE FOOL!-TO THINK  
I'O COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN I  
CAN CLEAN UP A FORTUNE  
-MANUFACTURING INFERIOR  
WAR SUPPLIES!-



-SUDDENLY, THE WALL  
BEHIND REYNOLDS PARTS, AND  
MANOWAR COMES CRASHING  
THROUGH!



PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS! WHO  
ARE YOU?  
-THE WHITE  
STREAK--  
BREAKER OF  
WAR PROFITEERS!  
-PERHAPS YOU'VE  
HEARD OF ME!-



-YES, -ER, BUT  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT WITH  
ME?  
-THOSE GAS  
MASKS YOU  
MADE ARE FAR  
BELOW STANDARD,  
-AND MEN WHO  
HAVE USED THEM  
DIED! -UNDER-  
STAND REYNOLDS?



-YOU'RE THE SECOND PERSON  
TODAY TO SAY THE SAME  
THING!-TO PROVE HOW  
WRONG YOU ARE, SUPPOSE  
WE GO TO THE FACTORY  
WHERE YOU CAN EXAMINE  
THE MASKS?-

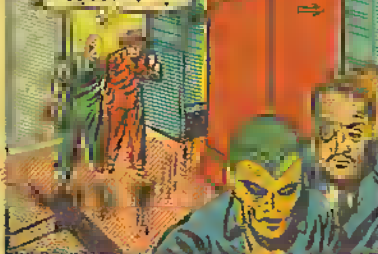


-LATER  
HERE, LOOK  
AT THESE--THE  
BEST IN THE  
WORLD!-  
-YES, THEY'RE  
MADE OF  
PERFECT  
MATERIAL, AND  
HAVE THE PRO-  
PER PURIFYING  
CHEMICALS IN  
THE NOZZLE!



WHILE MANOWAR IS EXAMIN-  
ING THE MASKS, TWO WORK-  
MEN ENTER NOISELESSLY-

-PSST-BRADY! THE  
BOSS IS SHOWING  
THAT BLOKE THE  
GOOD MASKS!-  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG!  
AYE-  
LET'S  
GET  
'IM!



-THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING WRONG  
WITH THESE MASKS,  
REYNOLDS!- THEY'RE  
NOT THE SAME THE  
SOLDIERS WORE!-  
Y'DONT  
SAY?





-AS MANOWAR GRASPS REYNOLDS, BRADY'S GUN CRASHES DOWN FULL FORCE ON MANOWAR'S HEAD!-



-GOOD WORK, BRADY!-HE'S THE ONLY ONE I WAS AFRAID OF. BUT NOW WE'LL FINISH HIM FOR GOOD!-



LATER, AS MANOWAR OPENS HIS EYES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO TWO AUTOS, BOTH READY TO SPEED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS!



-I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO, MANOWAR! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION!-  
-GOOD-BYE!



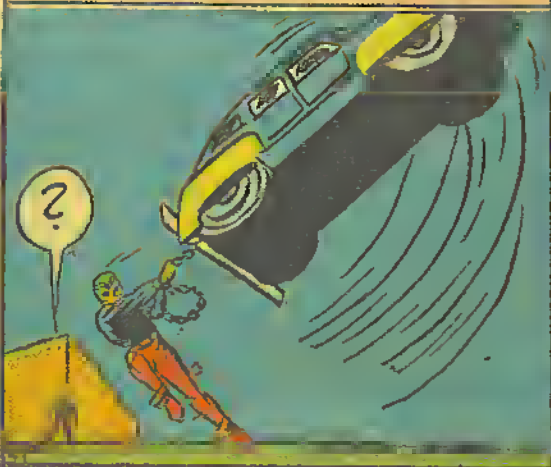
-READY-  
-SET-  
**GO!**



-MOTORS TURN, AND THE CARS SHOOT FORWARD! AT THE SAME TIME MANOWAR FLASHES HIS EYES AND A BLAST OF SHARP, ICY ELECTRONS SNAPS THE CHAINS!



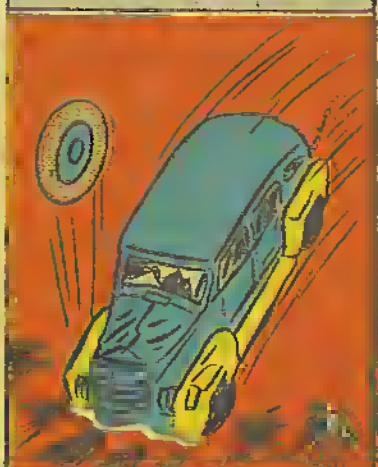
-BRACING HIMSELF, MANOWAR PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE SECOND CAR, AND WITH A MIGHTY TUG, LIFTS IT HIGH INTO THE AIR!



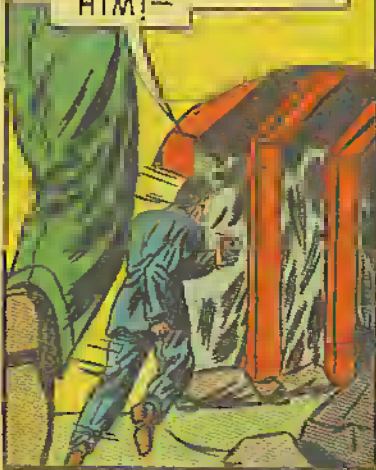
-A SECOND BURST OF ELECTRONS SPLITS THE LAST CHAIN!-



-WHILE THE AUTO FLIES THRU THE AIR AND CRASHES IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!—  
THRU THE TUNNEL—IT'S  
OUR ONLY ESCAPE FROM  
HIM!—

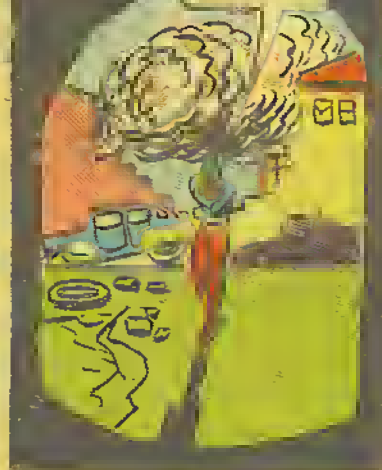


—LET'S GIVE UP! SCARED, EH?  
HE'LL GET US YOU'LL NEVER  
ANYWAY!— BE AGAIN!—

WHY—  
YOU—OH—



I SAW THEM  
HEAD THRU THIS  
TUNNEL!



—THIS TUNNEL SURE IS DARK!  
—WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE ONE  
OF THE BOYS DISAGREED!—



—WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF  
THE PASSAGE—

—THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!  
IF I REACH THE TOWER, IT'LL BE  
THE END OF THE WHITE STREAK!



HELLO, UP THERE!—  
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?  
—IT'S ME—REYNOLDS!—



—GOOD GRIEF!—  
THEY'VE BEEN  
GASSED!



—TOO BAD!—BUT WHEN THE  
WHITE STREAK COMES  
ROUND THE BEND, I'LL  
BLAST HIM!—



NEAR THE BEND MANOWAR  
PIERCES THE WALL WITH HIS  
X-RAY EYES!—



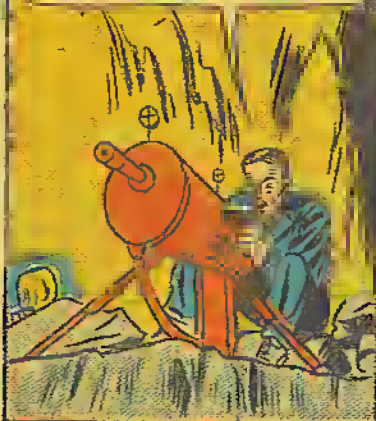
HAH!—  
SO REYNOLDS  
THINKS I'LL WALK  
INTO HIS TRAP!—



IN A FLASH, MANOWAR SHOOTS  
HIGH POWERED ELECTRONS  
DIRECTLY INTO THE WALL!



-WHAT'S THAT BOOMING  
NOISE?—WHERE'S THE WHITE  
STREAK? HE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN HERE LONG AGO!—



REYNOLDS WHIRLS ABOUT  
AS THE WALL CRUMBLES  
BEHIND HIM!—

-IT'S HIM!—  
HE CUT THRU  
THE WALL!—



AMAZING, EH?—WHEN I  
TURNED ON MY X-RAY  
POWER I SAW YOU WAITING  
FOR ME WITH A MACHINE  
GUN!—



-SO YOU  
CUT THRU  
THE ROCK,  
EH?—WELL,  
YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH IT!—



HAH!—YOU  
MISSED, RAT!—

-THEN FROM MANOWAR'S EYES  
SHARP BLASTS OF ELECTRONS  
KNIFE INTO THE MACHINE-GUN'S  
MAGAZINE—BLOWING IT UP!—



DAZED FROM THE  
EXPLOSION, REYNOLDS TRIES  
TO ESCAPE!—

OH, NO YOU  
DON'T!—



NOW, REYNOLDS, I'M GOING TO  
TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTH-  
ORITIES!—YOUR PUNISHMENT  
WILL BE A WARNING TO  
OTHER WAR  
PROFITEERS!



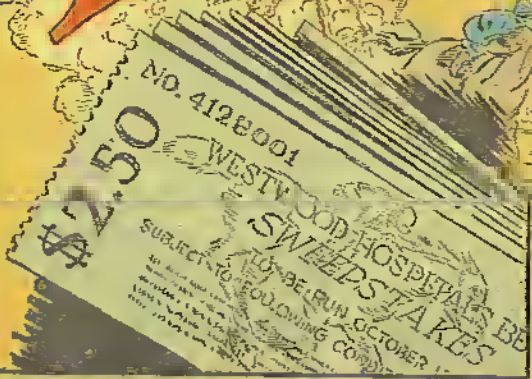
NEXT MONTH—  
ANOTHER COMPLETE  
**WHITE STREAK**  
PICTURE-ACTION  
STORY.



# T-MEN

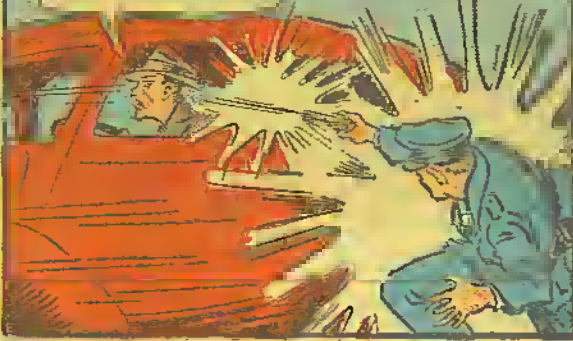
ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURE OF  
U.S. TREASURY  
DEPARTMENT  
AGENTS

"CHICK" FARRELL,  
T-MAN, RUNS  
HEADLONG INTO  
TROUBLE WHEN  
HE IS ASSIGNED TO  
CRACK A COUNTER-  
FEITING LOTTERY  
RING.

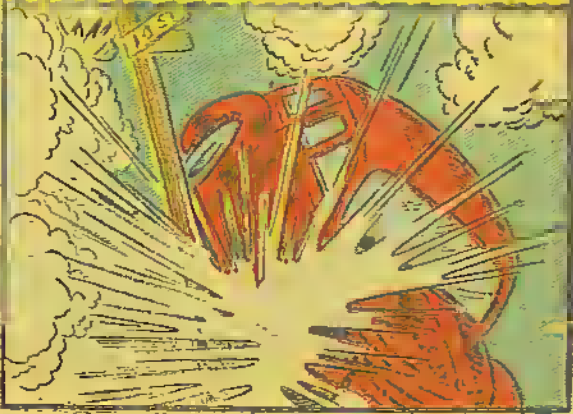


THE CAR SWERVES AND STRIKES THE OFFICER,  
WHO GOES DOWN FIRING!

OUTA' MY WAY,  
FLATFOOT!

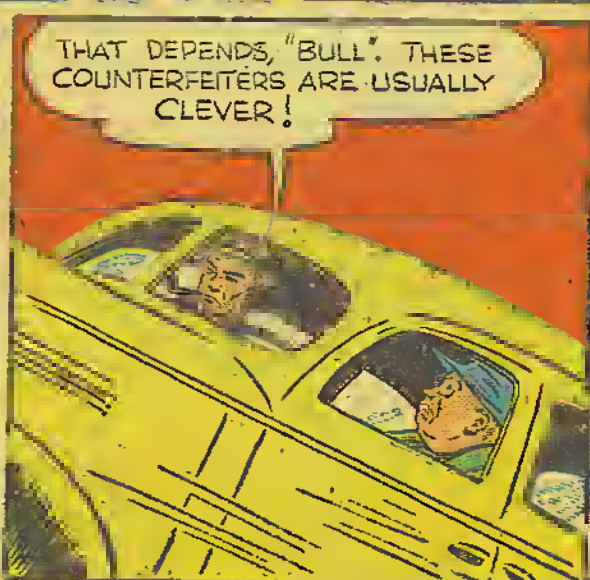


THE BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK!



A BIG SEDAN RUSHES MADLY DOWN A BUSY  
STREET. A TRAFFIC COP'S WHISTLE  
SHRILLS AND . . . . .













NOW, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

TIE 'IM UP 'AN STICK A BLINDFOLD ON 'IM!



HE'S A T-MAN, HUH?

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, ANYHOW, THE BOSS'LL KNOW!



WHAT IF HE FINDS OUT WHERE THIS PLANT IS?

HOW CAN HE, FIXED THE WAY HE IS?



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'IM?

PUT HIM IN THE CELLAR. THE BOSS'LL BE BACK SOON.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, FARRELL RECOVERS.

THIS IS THE PLANT WHERE THE COUNTERFEITERS OPERATE. I CAN SMELL THE INK. WONDER WHERE I AM?



I HEAR A DOG. THAT'S THE SOUND OF IT'S LICENSE PLATE HANGING ON THE COLLAR. IF I COULD WORK THIS GAG LOOSE, MAYBE.....



FARRELL, MANAGES TO WORK HIS GAG LOOSE ENOUGH TO CALL...

HERE, BOY! COME ON, BOY!

I HEAR A CAR! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



THE DOG COMES OVER TO FARRELL AND GRABS ONE OF THE COOKIES OUT OF THE BAG!

THE CELLAR DOOR OPENED! IF I CAN JUST.....



GOT IT! JUST IN TIME!



GET UP ON YOUR FEET!  
THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE  
YOU, BRIGHT BOY!

MY BOSS  
WANTS TO  
SEE HIM,  
TOO!



FARRELL IS  
LED UPSTAIRS  
INTO A BIG  
ROOM, WHERE  
HE HEARS  
THE SOUND  
OF A  
PRINTING  
PRESS AND  
MUCH  
ACTIVITY!

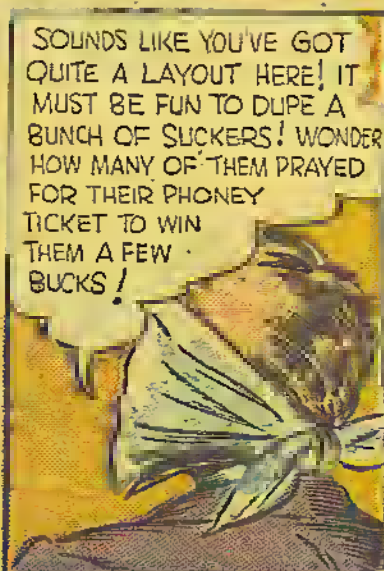
SO, THIS IS THE T-MAN,  
EH! WELL, TAKE A  
LOOK AT HIM NOW!



JUST HOW MUCH DO  
YOU MUGS KNOW  
ABOUT ME?  
WELL,  
SPEAK  
UP!



SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT  
QUITE A LAYOUT HERE! IT  
MUST BE FUN TO DUPE A  
BUNCH OF SLICKERS! WONDER  
HOW MANY OF THEM PRAYED  
FOR THEIR PHONEY  
TICKET TO WIN  
THEM A FEW  
BUCKS!



NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY  
TO ME AND GETS AWAY  
WITH IT! TAKE HIM OUT,  
BUTCH! YOU KNOW  
WHERE!



NICE FELLOW, YOUR BOSS!  
WORKED HIS WAY UP  
STEALING FROM  
BLIND MEN,  
I'LL BET!  
SHUT UP,  
WISE GUY!



THE MURDER CAR SPEEDS AWAY  
TOWARDS A LARGE LAKE.

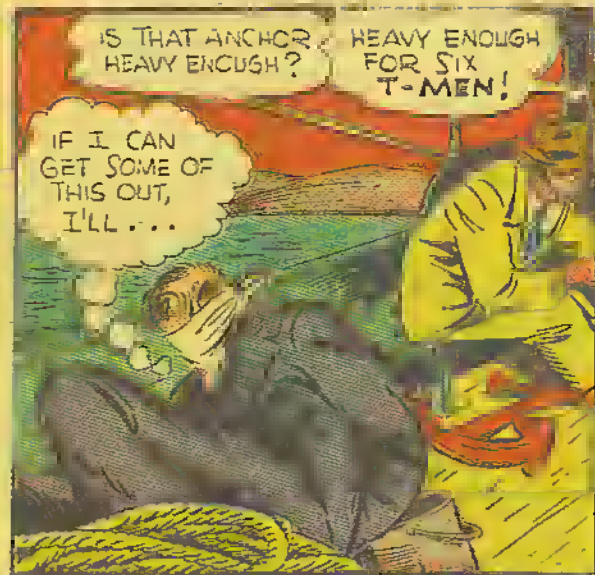
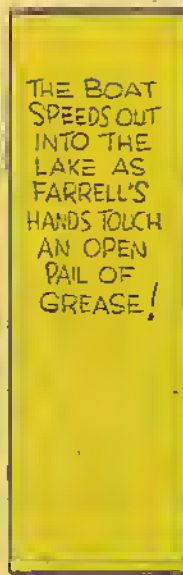
MUCH FARTHER, NAW... A  
BUTCH? FEW MILES.



YOU HOLD TH' BOAT, PETE.  
WE DON'T WANT 'IM TO  
SLIP . . . . . YET!









AS HE WENT INTO THE WATER, FARRELL SLIPPED HIS GREASED HANDS OUT OF THE BONDS THAT HELD HIS WRISTS!

HIS HANDS FREE, "CHICK" MADLY STRUGGLED WITH THE ROPES THAT TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR!



HIS LUNGS BURSTING, THE T-MAN FINALLY FREES HIMSELF!

GOOD! THE BOAT HAS LEFT! NOW TO GET TO A PHONE!



FIRST HE CALLED THE TOWN CLERK, THEN...

HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? LET ME TALK TO "BULL" MADDEN.....



A HALF HOUR LATER...

I WONDERED WHERE YOU WAS. YOU GOT ANY MORE OF THEM COOKIES?

NO! THANK HEAVENS!



THE POLICE COMPLETELY SURPRISES THE GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS, AND....

NO YOU DON'T!

GET 'EM UP YOU! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

IT'S THE COPS! BURN THOSE BOOKS!



I ALWAYS PAY MY DEBTS PROMPTLY!



I THOUGHT YOU GOT RID OF HIM!

I DID! HOW'D HE GET BACK HERE?

YEAH, "CHICK" HOW'D YOU FIND THIS PLACE AGAIN?



IT WAS EASY, "BULL". AFTER I HAD THIS DOG LICENSE ALL I HAD TO DO WAS CHECK THE OWNER THROUGH THE TOWN CLERK!



WELL, I'LL BE... SAY! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS CASE WOULD BE A CINCH?



ANOTHER  
MAN  
ADVENTURE  
IN NEXT  
MONTH'S  
TARGET  
COMICS!

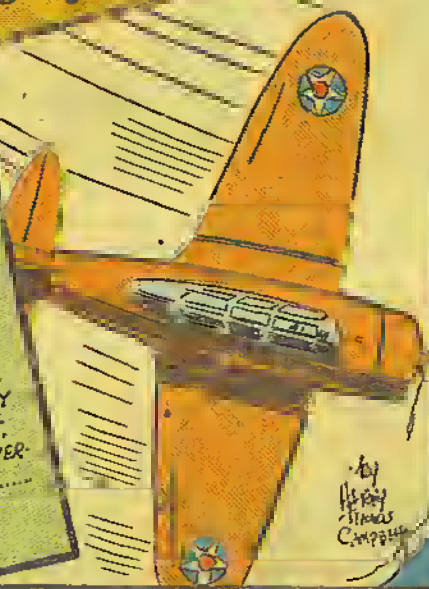


BOMB-  
SIGHT  
BOOMERANG

# LUCKY BYRD

Flying Cadet

"LUCKY" BYRD, FLYING CADET  
AT RANDOLPH FIELD, OUR  
WEST POINT OF THE AIR, HAS  
HAD AN EXCITING TIME WITH  
SPIES AND SABOTEURS SINCE  
HIS ARRIVAL THERE.....  
AT HIS TIME HE IS FALSELY  
ACCUSED OF STEALING AN  
ARMY SECRET.....  
THE CLUE BY WHICH LUCKY  
UNMASKS THE REAL CULPRIT,  
CAN BE FOUND IN THE CONVER-  
SATION IN THIS EPISODE.....  
CAN YOU FIND IT?



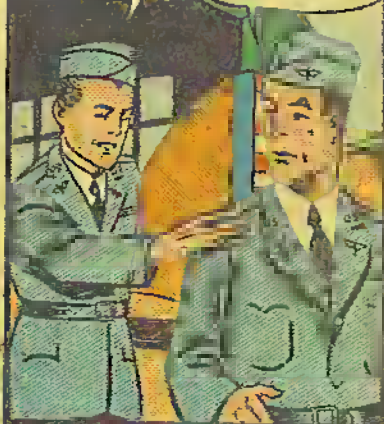
## GLOSSARY OF CADET SLANG

C.O.....COMMANDING OFFICER  
RIP-CORD.....A CORD WHICH  
OPENS A PARACHUTE FOR A JUMP

MISTER.....ALL CADETS ARE MISTER  
SET DOWN.....U.S. TRAINED  
PILOTS' SLANG FOR LANDING A PLANE

HEY, LUCKY!.....THE C.O.'S GOT  
ONE OF THOSE NEW SECRET  
BOMB-SIGHTS IN  
HIS OFFICE!

I HEARD  
THAT TOO, JIM!



THAT NIGHT.....IN LUCKY'S ROOM.

NOW WHAT'S  
THIS?



Mr. Byrd:  
Report to Maj.  
Adams' office  
at once. This  
is most  
urgent.

WONDER WHAT THE MAJOR  
WANTS?.....WHY.....HIS OFFICE  
IS DARK!





I'LL JUST WAIT, ...WHERE'S THAT LIGHT SWITCH, ...AH!



THERE'S NOBODY HOME ...THAT'S SURE!



SAY! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THAT BOMB-SIGHT IS LOCKED UP! ...WHO'S THAT?



BYRD! ...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HEY, MAJOR! YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR!



I SENT FOR YOU? THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE!



LOOK! ...THE SAFE, ...IT'S OPEN!



THE BOMB-SIGHT'S GONE! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, BYRD?

NO, SIR!



WHAT DID YOU MEAN, ...I SENT FOR YOU?

I FOUND A NOTE ON MY BUNK ASKING ME TO MEET YOU HERE!



NOW, ...WHERE IS THIS NOTE?

WHY, ...IT'S GONE!



BACK IN LUCKY'S ROOM



THIS IS ALL VERY ODD, BYRD!  
I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL  
TELLING ME THAT A PROWLER  
HAD BEEN SEEN NEAR  
MY OFFICE!



WE'D BETTER FIND CAPTAIN  
JAMES, THE MILITARY INTELLI-  
GENCE MAN SENT TO GUARD  
THE BOMB SIGHT!



BYRD, THIS IS CAPTAIN  
JAMES, A PILOT, ASSIGNED TO  
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!  
JAMES, THE BOMB-SIGHT'S  
BEEN STOLEN!.....AND.....I  
FOUND BYRD IN MY  
OFFICE, NEAR THE  
OPEN SAFE! WHAT  
ARE YOU  
WAITING FOR?  
**ARREST HIM!**



MAJOR, I KNOW I DIDN'T DO  
IT!...**YOU DON'T**, BUT, IF YOU'LL  
LEAVE ME AT LIBERTY FOR 24  
HOURS, I MAY BE ABLE  
TO FIND THE THIEF  
...AND THE SIGHT!  
**ABSURD!**  
THAT'S ONLY  
A STALL!



CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE BYRD!  
BESIDES, HE HAS CRACKED  
SEVERAL CASES ALREADY!  
ALL RIGHT, BYRD,.....YOU  
HAVE 24 HOURS TO  
CLEAR YOURSELF!



THANK  
YOU, SIR!

NOW WHAT DO I DO?...I'VE  
ONLY 24 HOURS IN WHICH  
TO STRAIGHTEN OUT  
THIS MESS!



OUTSIDE, LUCKY DOES SOME THINKING.

THERE'S NOT EVEN A STARTING  
POINT,....EXCEPT THAT SOMEONE  
IS TRYING TO PIN THAT  
THEFT ON ME!

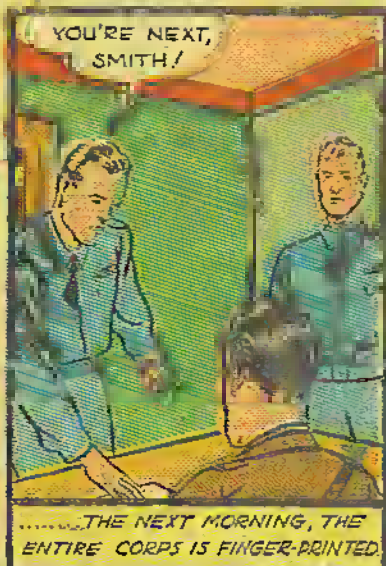


**WHAT'S THIS?** ....THE BOX  
THAT HELD THE BOMB-SIGHT!  
S-A-A-Y! THIS GIVES ME  
AN IDEA!



**BUT THE BOMB-  
SIGHT IS GONE!**





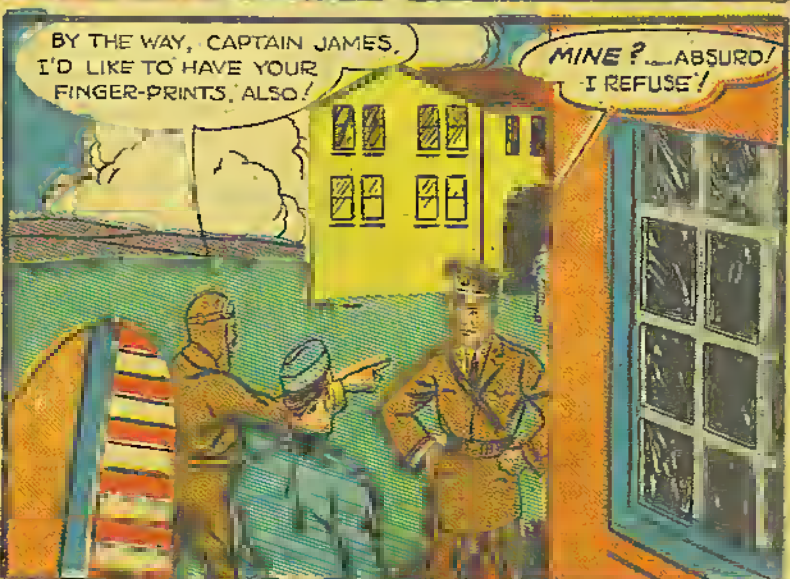
.....THE NEXT MORNING, THE  
ENTIRE CORPS IS FINGER-PRINTED.



..BUT WHAT LUCKY HAD HOPED  
FOR, DOES NOT HAPPEN .....



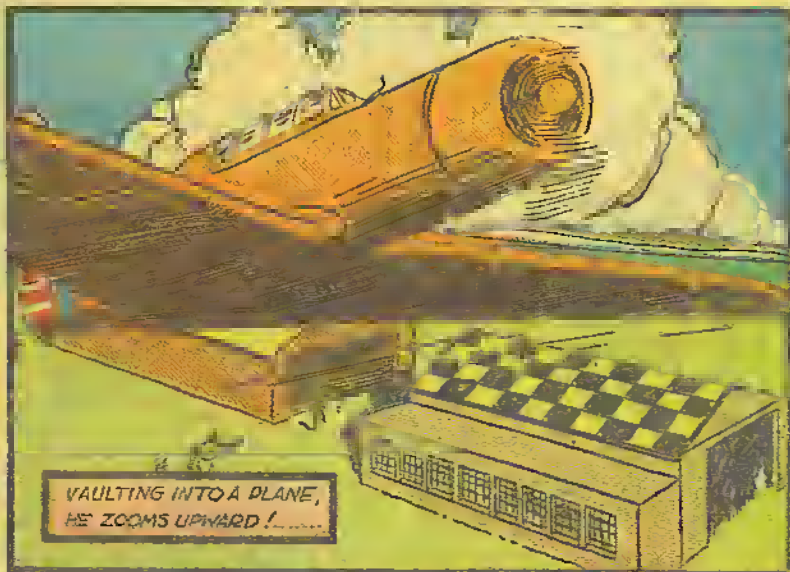
ONCE MORE,....LUCKY  
MEETS CAPTAIN JAMES



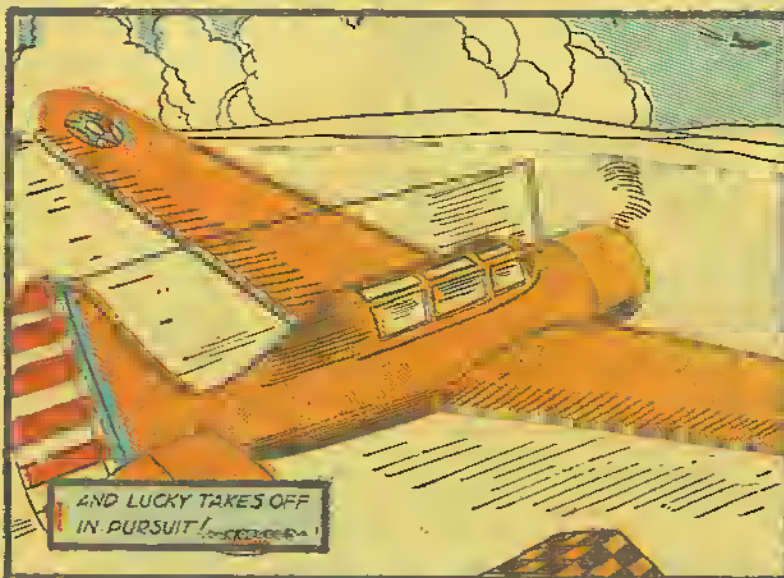




SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN JAMES TURNS,  
AND TAKES TO HIS HEELS!



VAULTING INTO A PLANE,  
HE ZOOMS UPWARD!



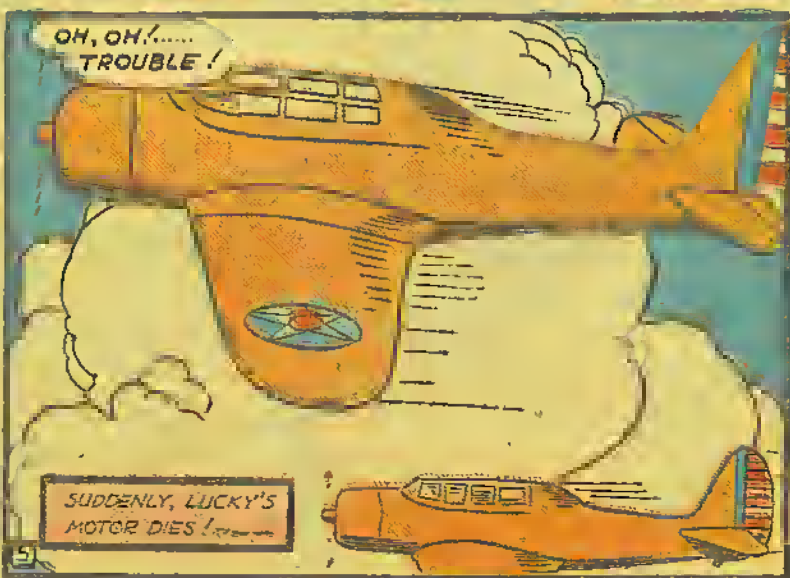
AND LUCKY TAKES OFF  
IN PURSUIT!



I'M GAINING ON  
THAT BUZZARD



NOW, TO FLY HIM  
OUT OF THE AIR!



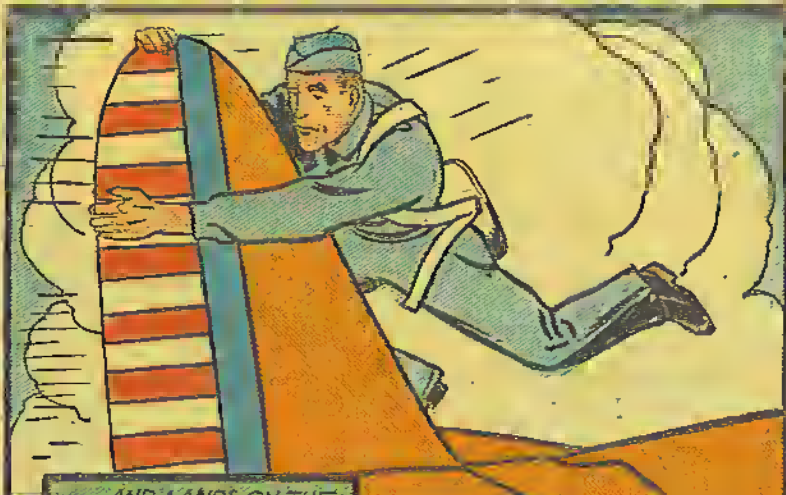
OH, OH!.....  
TROUBLE!

SUDDENLY, LUCKY'S  
MOTOR DIES!

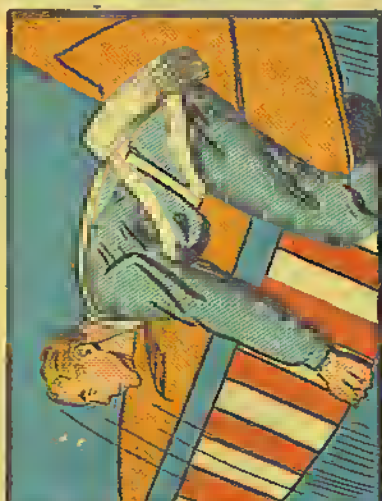




CAREFUL NOT TO PULL HIS RIP-  
CORD,.....LUCKY JUMPS!



...AND LANDS ON THE  
TAIL OF CAPT. JAMES SHIP.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET RID OF  
LUCKY, JAMES LOOPS, ..



SET THIS SHIP DOWN,  
I TELL YOU!

BUT LUCKY HANGS ON LIKE  
GRIM DEATH!

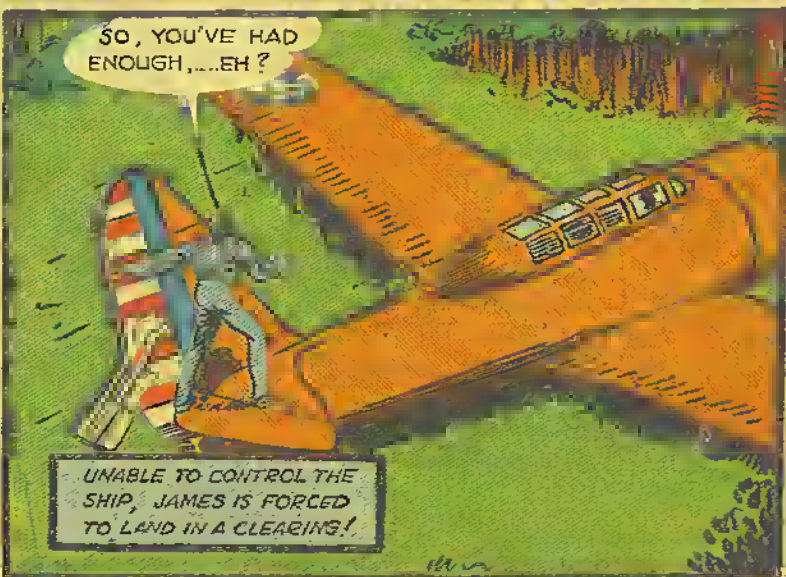


NO?...ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND,  
I'LL WORK THE CONTROLS  
FROM THIS END!

AS LUCKY TWISTS THE RUDDER  
AND ELEVATORS,.....THE SHIP  
CAREENS WILDLY!.....



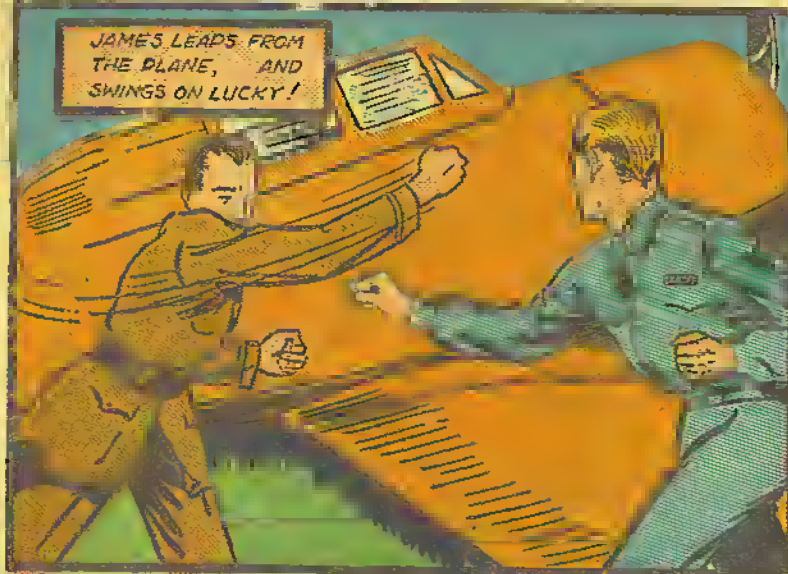
THIS IS  
BAD!



SO, YOU'VE HAD  
ENOUGH,.....EH?

UNABLE TO CONTROL THE  
SHIP, JAMES IS FORCED  
TO LAND IN A CLEARING!





JAMES LEADS FROM THE PLANE, AND SWINGS ON LUCKY!



HOW'S THIS, YOU PHONEY?

WITH A POWERFUL LEFT HOOK, LUCKY KNOCKS JAMES OUT!



MIGHT AS WELL CART HIM OVER TO THIS SHACK!



HEY!...WHAT'S THIS?

INSIDE THE SHACK, LUCKY FINDS A MAN,.....BOUND AND GAGGED!



NOW, WHO ARE YOU?

I AM CAPTAIN JAMES, AND **THAT'S** THE FELLOW WHO KNOCKED ME OUT AND STOLE MY CREDENTIALS!



BACK AGAIN AT RANDOLPH FIELD.

NOW, YOU PHONEY,....DO YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THAT BOMB-SIGHT?....OR DO I,....

IT'S IN MY TRUNK!



WELL, BYRD,....WE HAVE OUR BOMB-SIGHT BACK, AND CAPTURED A SPY, AND OF COURSE THE ATTEMPT TO PIN THE THEFT ON YOU IS CLEAR,.... BUT **WHY** DID YOU SUSPECT JAMES?

THAT WAS EASY, SIR!

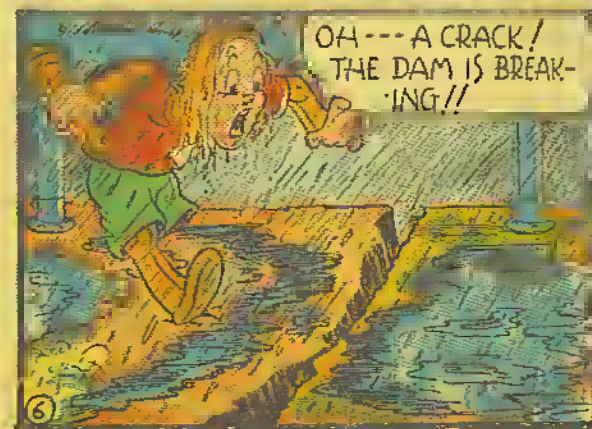
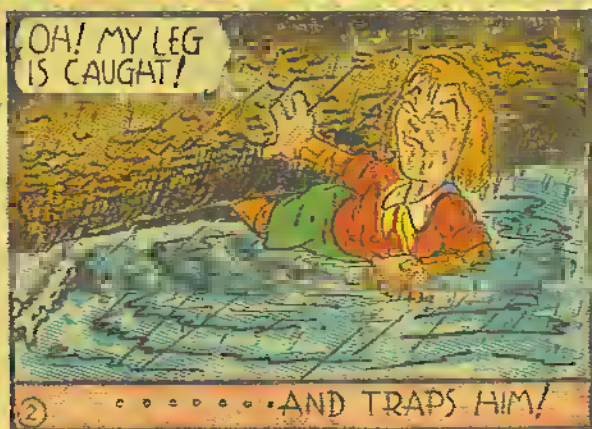


DID YOU GUESS IT ???

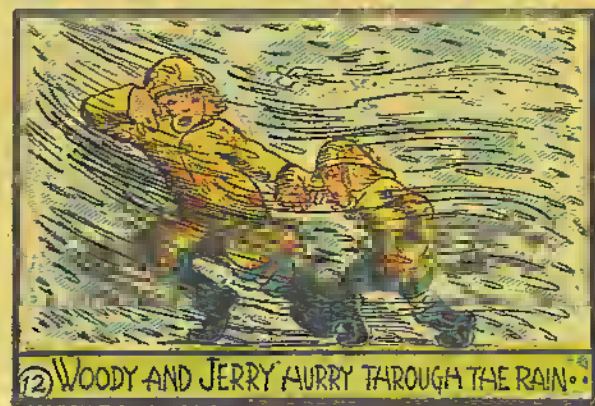
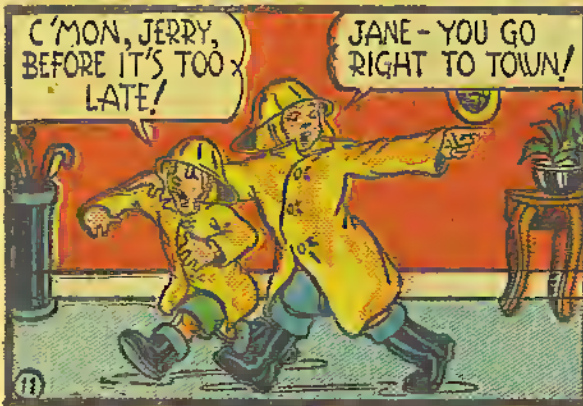
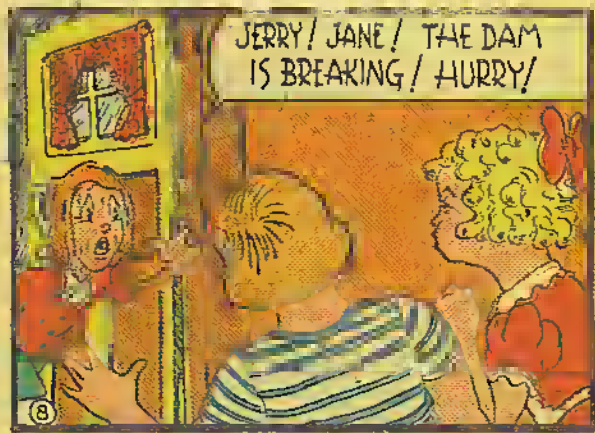
WHEN YOU CAME IN WITH YOUR SHIP, HE SAID, 'MAJOR ADAMS IS LANDING!....NO ARMY PILOT WOULD HAVE SAID THAT!....HE'D HAVE SAID 'SET DOWN',....SO I KNEW HE WAS A PHONEY!

CLEVER WORK!











THERE IT IS---  
SEE?



(15) SO HE GOES TO INVESTIGATE.

HELP!!



'HELLO - OPERATOR!  
THE DAM IS BREAKING.  
WARN EVERYBODY!



HELLO! THE DAM  
IS BREAKING!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!



THE D



OH!



WHAT!



WOODY'S WARNING HAS COME JUST IN TIME!  
AS THE PEOPLE RUSH FROM THEIR HOMES,  
THE GREAT DAM GIVES WAY!



READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS AND  
LEARN HOW THE LITTLE PUPPET MAN'S BRAVERY IS REWARDED.



CALLING  
2-R  
CALLING  
2-R

CALLING  
THE  
CAPTAIN

THE TELEVISOR EYE  
DOESN'T PICK  
HIM UP.

# RANGE RIDERS OF TODAY'S FRONTIER



CALLING THE  
CAPTAIN

CALLING THE  
CAPTAIN

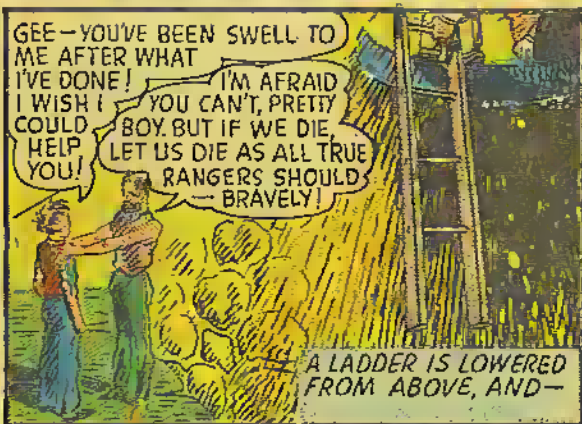
CALLING  
2-R

THE SKIPPER, SCIENTIST, INVENTOR, AND FOUNDER OF BOYVILLE, IS TRYING TO LOCATE HIS ASSISTANT, THE CAPTAIN, WHO WENT OUT INTO SPACE WITH A GRAVITY EQUALIZER IN SEARCH OF PRETTY BOY, WHO RAN AWAY IN A COSMOPLANE. UNKNOWN TO THE SKIPPER, BOTH PRETTY BOY AND THE CAPTAIN HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND HELD PRISONER BY BIG SHOT, WHO WANTS TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE SKIPPER'S INVENTIONS.



IN THE MEANTIME, PRETTY BOY, BRUTALLY BEATEN BY BIG SHOT, LEARNS THAT HE HAS MADE A GREAT MISTAKE.

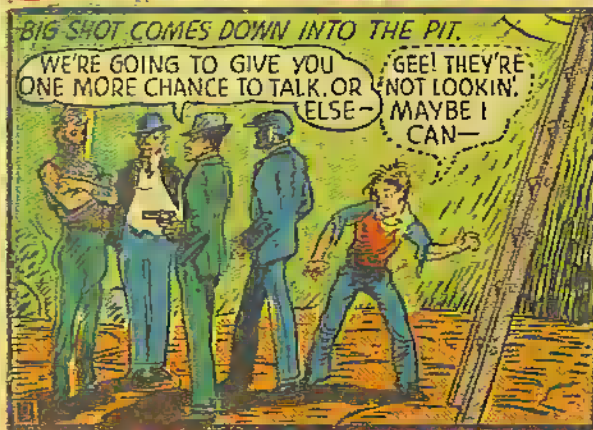
THE SKIPPER TOLD ME TO CONCENTRATE ON HIM, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO PICK UP MY THOUGHT WAVES. PERHAPS—



GEE—YOU'VE BEEN SWELL TO ME AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE! I WISH I COULD HELP YOU!

I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T, PRETTY BOY. BUT IF WE DIE, LET US DIE AS ALL TRUE RANGERS SHOULD—BRAVELY!

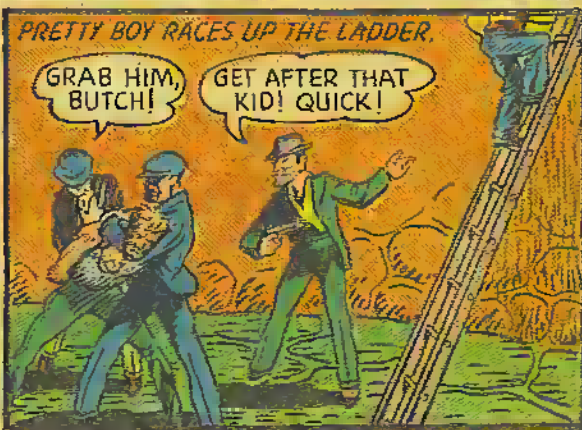
A LADDER IS LOWERED FROM ABOVE, AND—



BIG SHOT COMES DOWN INTO THE PIT.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TALK, OR ELSE—

GEE! THEY'RE NOT LOOKIN' MAYBE I CAN—

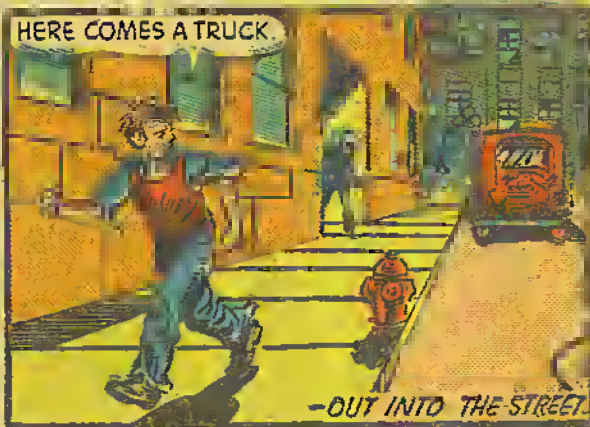


PRETTY BOY RACES UP THE LADDER.

GRAB HIM, BUTCH!

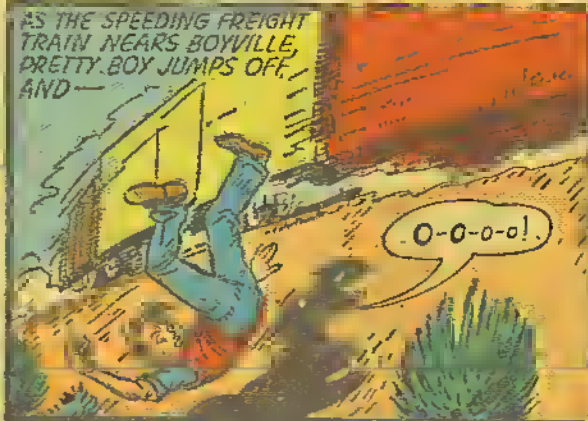
GET AFTER THAT KID! QUICK!



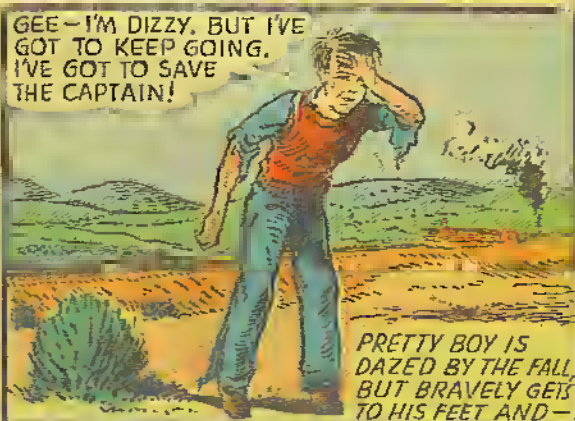




AS THE SPEEDING FREIGHT  
TRAIN NEARS BOYVILLE,  
PRETTY BOY JUMPS OFF,  
AND—



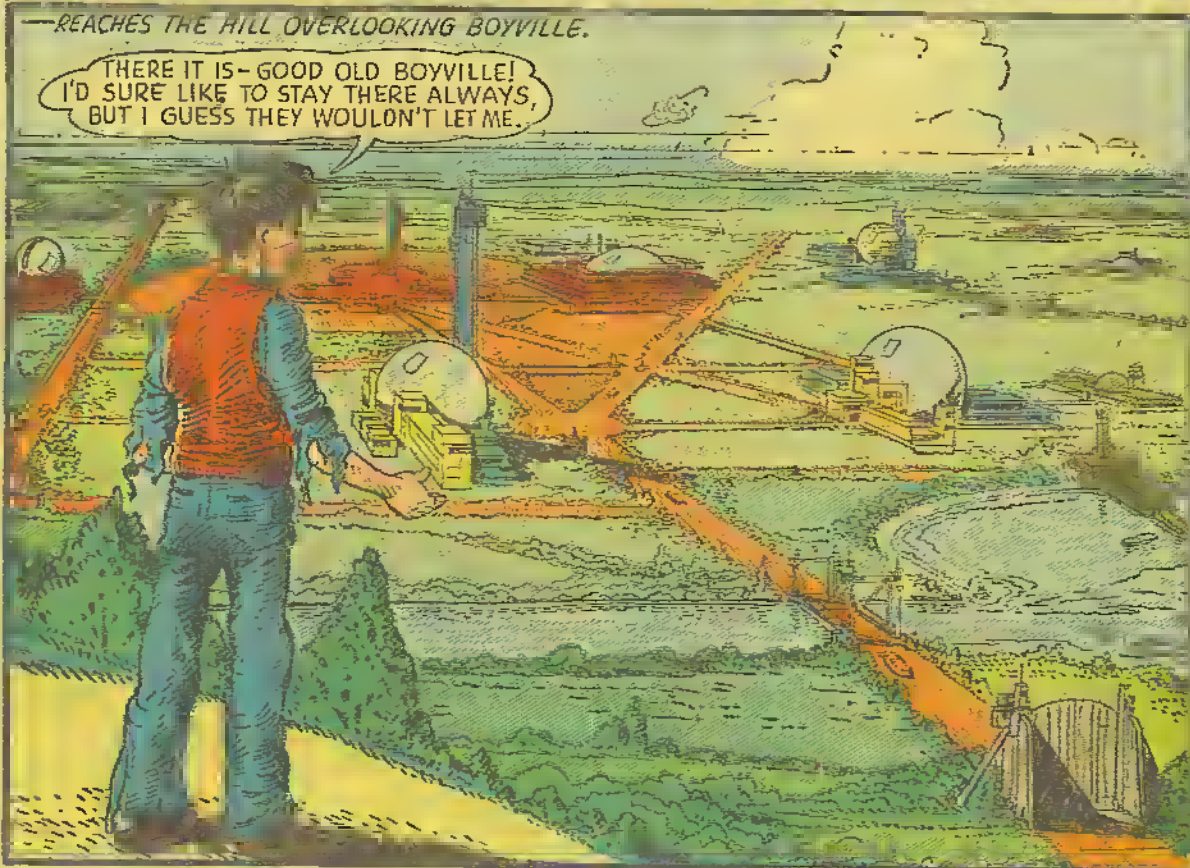
GEE—I'M DIZZY, BUT I'VE  
GOT TO KEEP GOING.  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE  
THE CAPTAIN!



PRETTY BOY IS  
DAZED BY THE FALL,  
BUT BRAVELY GETS  
TO HIS FEET AND—

—REACHES THE HILL OVERLOOKING BOYVILLE.

THERE IT IS—GOOD OLD BOYVILLE!  
I'D SURE LIKE TO STAY THERE ALWAYS,  
BUT I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T LET ME.

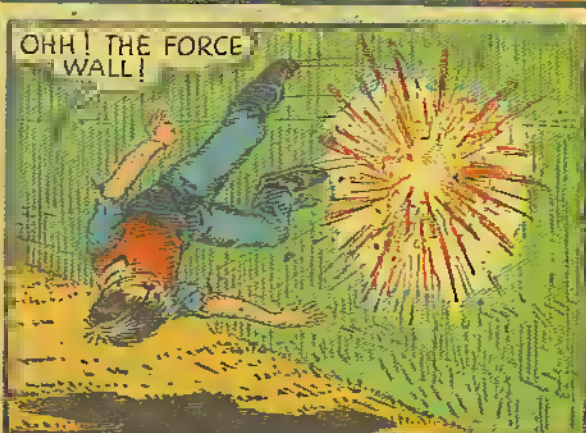


I COULDN'T GET IN THE FRONT GATE,  
BUT MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IN THIS WAY.  
I HOPE THE SKIPPER WILL  
BELIEVE ME.

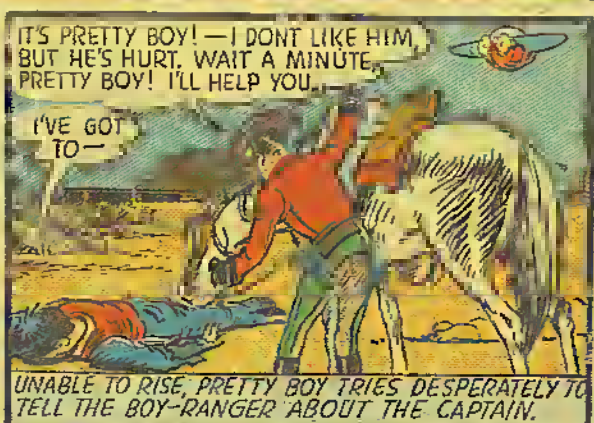
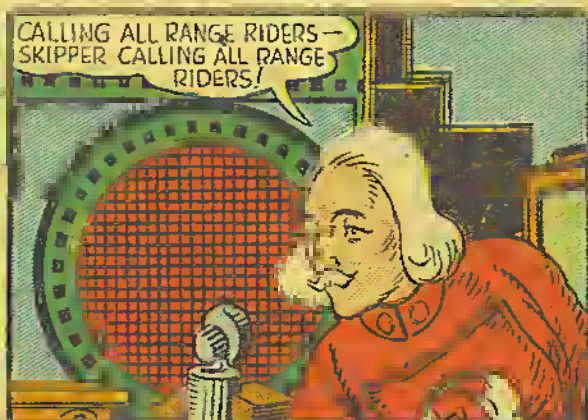
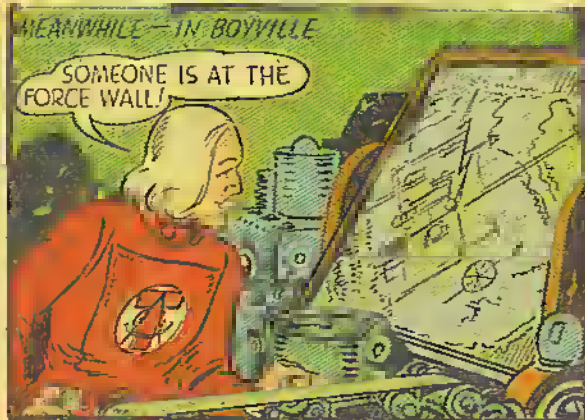


PRETTY BOY CIRCLES  
ABOUT TO ENTER BOY-  
VILLE THROUGH THE  
REAR, BUT—

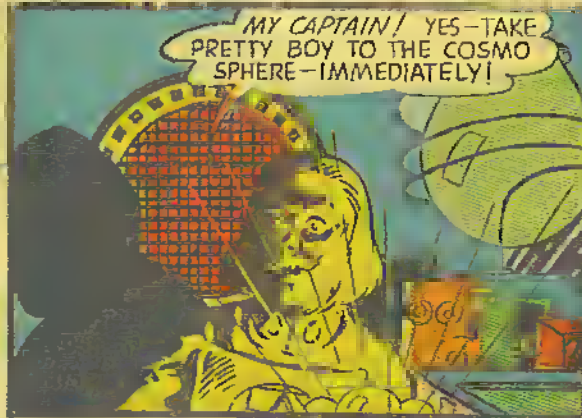
OHH! THE FORCE  
WALL!



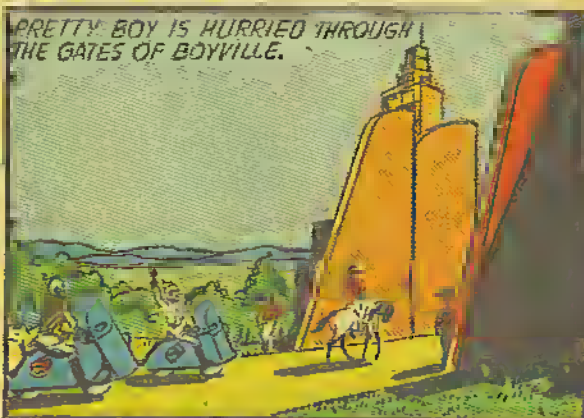








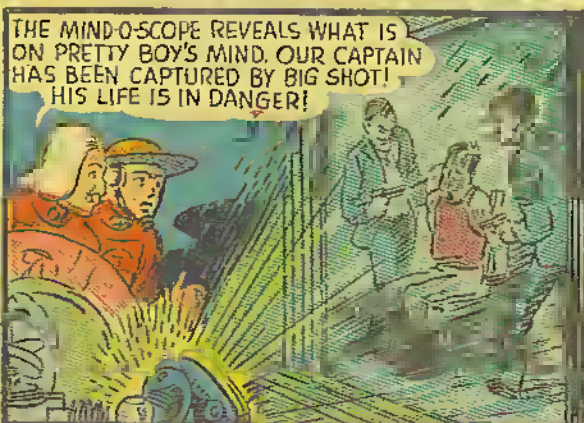
MY CAPTAIN! YES—TAKE  
PRETTY BOY TO THE COSMO  
SPHERE—IMMEDIATELY!



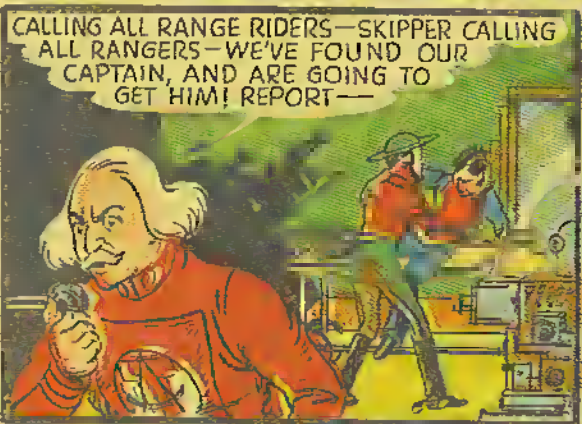
PRETTY BOY IS HURRIED THROUGH  
THE GATES OF BOYVILLE.



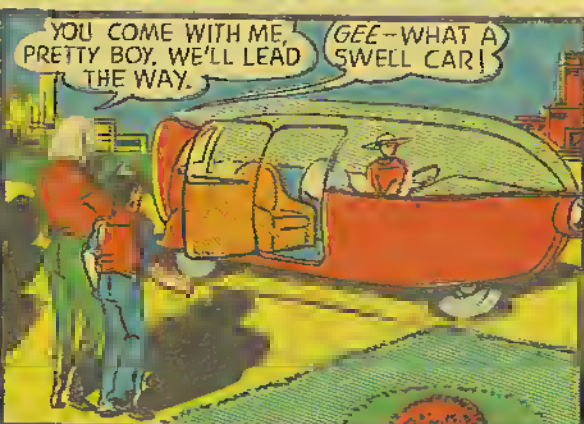
THIS COSMO SPHERE WILL REVIVE HIM,  
AND THE MIND-O-SCOPE WILL PICTURE  
WHAT HE IS TRYING TO  
TELL US.



THE MIND-O-SCOPE REVEALS WHAT IS  
ON PRETTY BOY'S MIND. OUR CAPTAIN  
HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY BIG SHOT!  
HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER!

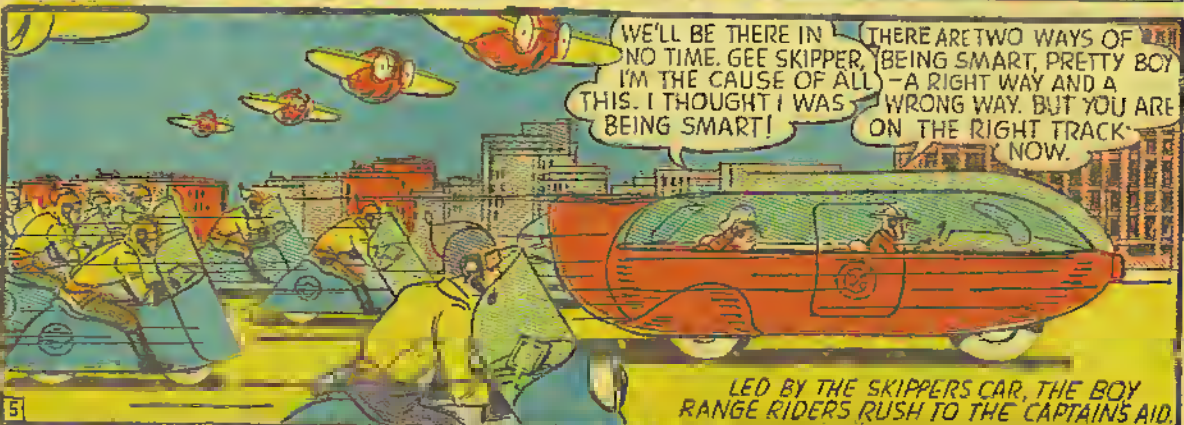


CALLING ALL RANGE RIDERS—SKIPPER CALLING  
ALL RANGERS—WE'VE FOUND OUR  
CAPTAIN, AND ARE GOING TO  
GET HIM! REPORT—



YOU COME WITH ME,  
PRETTY BOY. WE'LL LEAD  
THE WAY.

GEE—WHAT A  
SWELL CAR!



WE'LL BE THERE IN  
NO TIME. GEE SKIPPER,  
I'M THE CAUSE OF ALL  
THIS. I THOUGHT I WAS  
BEING SMART!

THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF  
BEING SMART, PRETTY BOY  
—A RIGHT WAY AND A  
WRONG WAY. BUT YOU ARE  
ON THE RIGHT TRACK  
NOW.

LED BY THE SKIPPER'S CAR, THE BOY  
RANGE RIDERS RUSH TO THE CAPTAIN'S AID.





MEANWHILE— SINCE PHYSICAL TORTURE  
WILL NOT MAKE YOU TALK,  
PERHAPS THIS WILL. YOU  
ARE HUNGRY, EH, CAPTAIN?  
THIRSTY?

I WILL  
DIE BEFORE  
I TELL YOU  
A THING!

OH, KILL  
HIM AND GET  
IT OVER WITH  
HE WON'T  
TALK!

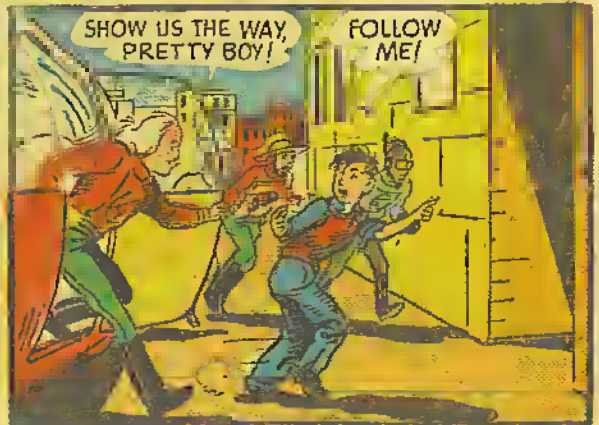


THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I  
WILL DO, UNLESS—



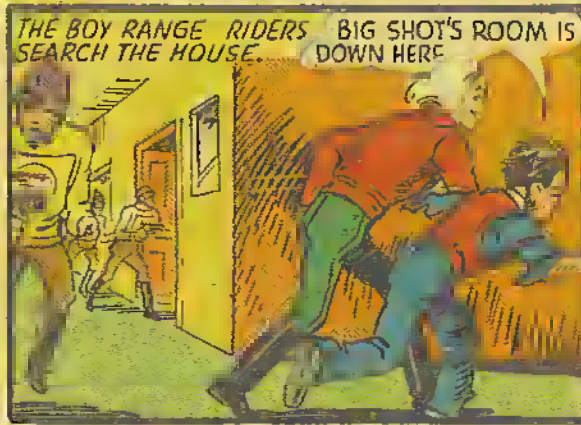
THIS IS YOUR LAST  
CHANCE!

YOU KNOW  
MY ANSWER!



SHOW US THE WAY,  
PRETTY BOY!

FOLLOW  
ME!

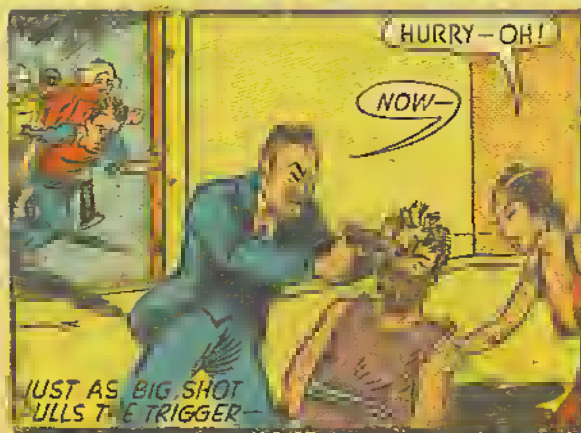


THE BOY RANGE RIDERS BIG SHOT'S ROOM IS  
SEARCH THE HOUSE. DOWN HERE



WHAT'S THAT?

WE'RE BEING  
RAIDED!



HURRY— OH!

NOW—

JUST AS BIG SHOT  
ULLS THE TRIGGER—

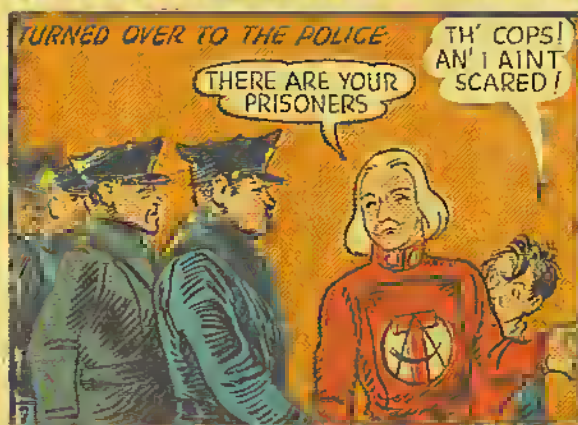
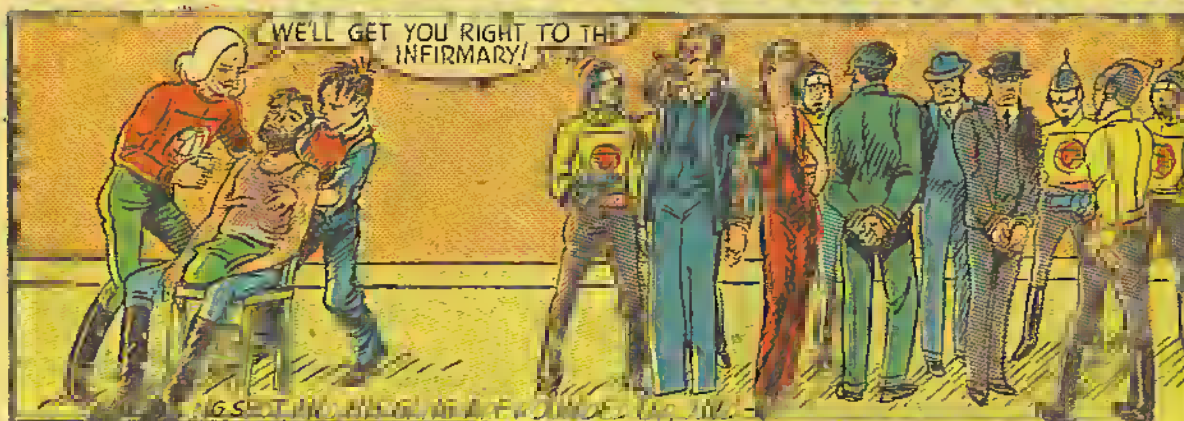
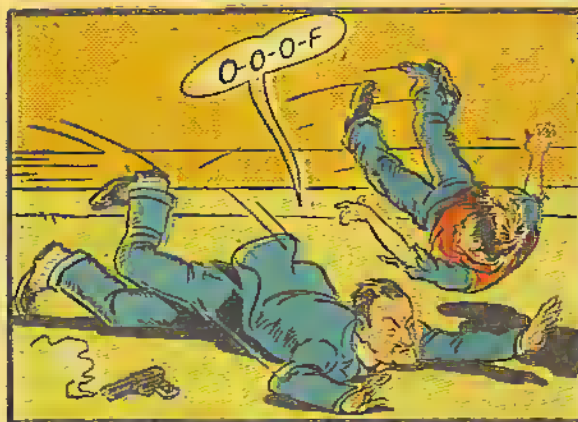


PRETTY BOY HURLS HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM.

NO YOU DON'T!

HEY!







GEE, SKIPPER, I'D SURE  
LIKE TO STAY HERE!

MAYBE WE CAN  
ARRANGE IT,  
PRETTY BOY.

THE RANGE RIDERS RETURN TO BOYVILLE  
WITH THEIR CAPTAIN, AND —

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK  
YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE?

YOU'VE ALL  
BEEN SO SWELL  
TO ME—AFTER  
WHAT I DONE.

RUSH HIM TO THE INFIRMARY.

WE NOW SEAL THE CAPTAIN UP IN THIS  
COSMIC HEALING TANK. THE RAREFIED OXYGEN  
FLOWING THROUGH WITH THE COSMIC RAYS WILL  
HEAL HIM!

CAN I STAY,  
SKIPPER?

IF I PUT YOU ON PROBATION  
WILL YOU TAKE THE OATH  
OF THE RANGE RIDERS  
AND LIVE UP TO IT?

I SURE  
WILL!

THEN REPEAT AFTER ME:—"UPON MY  
HONOR, AS A RANGE RIDER, I WILL BE  
LOYAL, OBEDIENT, TRUTHFUL, CLEAN  
AND REVERENT."

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE  
REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION  
INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE  
FOR ALL."

AND SO PRETTY BOY BECOMES A PROBATIONARY  
RANGER. ANOTHER 2-R STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS**.



# Submarine surprise!

By  
Andrew  
Allen



**W**HEN Curly Blackstone, saw the submarine break water as he was cruising some eight miles northeast of Portland lightship in his battered little boat it was a big surprise. But twelve years of putting out to sea as a lobster fisherman up in Maine in a tiny open boat had taught Curly to deal with surprises in a hurry. He shut down his engine and stared at the now-appearing periscope and conning tower.

From a kid brother in the Navy, Curly had learned something of submarines, and he knew from the cut of this one that it was not American. Neither was it British or French. Therefore it must be an enemy vessel. The Packard Twin-six, the only good thing about his boat, roared suddenly, and Curly came alongside. He shut off the engine and sprang to the sub's dripping deck with a heavy hammer in hand. With three swift blows he shattered beyond repair the breech mechanism of her deck rifle. Before his cockle-shell could drift away, he had jumped back into her.

A split second later the sub's conning tower hatch flew open, and an officer's head appeared. He frowned at Curly.

"What are you doing alongside of us?" he rasped gutturally.

"Can I help it if you fellows come up al-

most directly under me?" asked Curly, looking pained. "You darn near upset me."

The officer smiled. "We are very sorry. We are English. We haf gotten off our course."

"I'll just bet you're English," thought Curly, noting the accent.

Aloud he said: "You picked a fine place to get lost. Funny you haven't got charts of this coast. This is the worst submarine water in the world. This area is full of ledges and reefs. Where do you want to go?"

"Halifax", said the officer. "Could you direct us, please? No, those Canadians did not gif us charts."

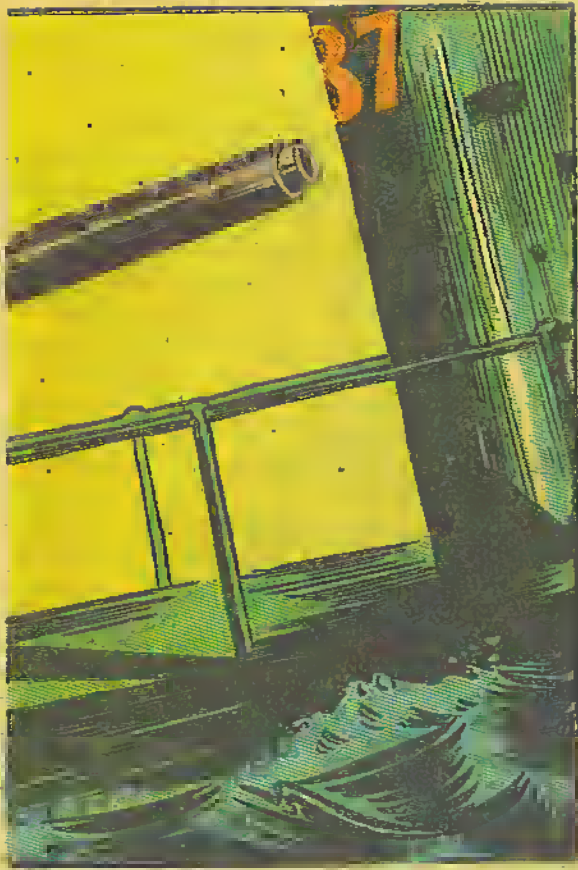
"Darn tootin' they didn't," thought Curly. "Halifax, my eye. You birds are going to sink that lightship."

**S**EVERAL seamen had now poked their heads through the hatch, and Curly's blue eyes, sharpened by years of scanning empty wastes of Maine coastal waters for the little marker flags of drifting lobster pots, detected the tip of a rifle muzzle. He tried to look like the ignorant fisherman he knew these people thought he was.

"You say you're English?" he asked innocently.

"Ja! I mean, yes!" replied the officer





## The Thing That Bothered Curly Was How To Do It "Navy Style"

jovially.

Curly pretended to look doubtful. He blinked stupidly several times, then grinned at them.

"O.K., fellows. I'll show you the way through these reefs out to deep water. By the way, you'd better run with just that stove-pipe showing." He pointed to the periscope. "There are some Eagle boat squadrons cruising around here, and if they spotted you, they might mistake you for an enemy craft; their warning shot might be badly aimed and hit you."

"I guess you Britishers can't afford to be losing any submarines accidentally like that," he finished blandly.

"Very well," grunted the officer. "We will watch through the periscope and trust your judgment."

He added slowly: "Be exceptionally careful, please. We want no trouble. Neither do you."

With this he barked an order; the men disappeared, and the officer, going down last, pulled the hatch cover shut behind him.

CURLY grinned happily. He idled alongside again, and when he jumped aboard the sub this time, he had besides the hammer a heavy wedge from the untidy mess of gear in his boat. Chancing it that they would not hear or feel the blows, he sprang at the hatch cover and drove the wedge into the crack. They could never open it now from the inside.

Back safely aboard his little tub, Curly opened the Packard, shot across the sub's bows, and straightened out. Looking astern, he was relieved to see that she had submerged with the conning tower just awash, and was following him. He chuckled. They must be astounded at the pair of heels he was showing.

He hummed to himself. "Yes, indeed, boys," he said. "I'll show you around these waters." He changed course a point to nor' nor'east. After a mile or two: "This would be it, about here."

Looking overside, his keen eyes detected the darkened water which indicated a submerged ledge. He knew these waters like most people know their parlors at home. He chuckled and looked astern. The sub's conning tower and periscope were plowing on at a good clip, matching his stiff speed. Suddenly the sub hit the reef; the conning tower reeled from the shock; the craft lifted a little and staggered a few feet, then stuck fast.

Curly laughed and waved a hand. "And that, you chaps, is Nine-Mile Rock. Too bad it's too small to show on your charts. Lots of depth for little fellows like me to cross it, but you're hung up. Tough luck."

He put about sou'west, and the Packard roared. Looking back, he saw men scrambling on deck in waist-deep water. The wedge had loosened after all!

But they milled about, shouting, as they discovered the damaged deck rifle. Curly guffawed.

Then he broke off, for a machine gun pointed out the conning tower and began to churn the water about him with lead.

Curly put down the wheel suddenly and the little tub veered sharply to port, throwing the gunner's aim off. Then he turned rapidly to starboard, before the gunner could get the new range.

"I learned that from my kid brother in the Navy, too," laughed Curly.

Ping! A luck bullet punctured his gas tank. Curly frowned, then snatched up a piece of old shirt and plugged the hole.

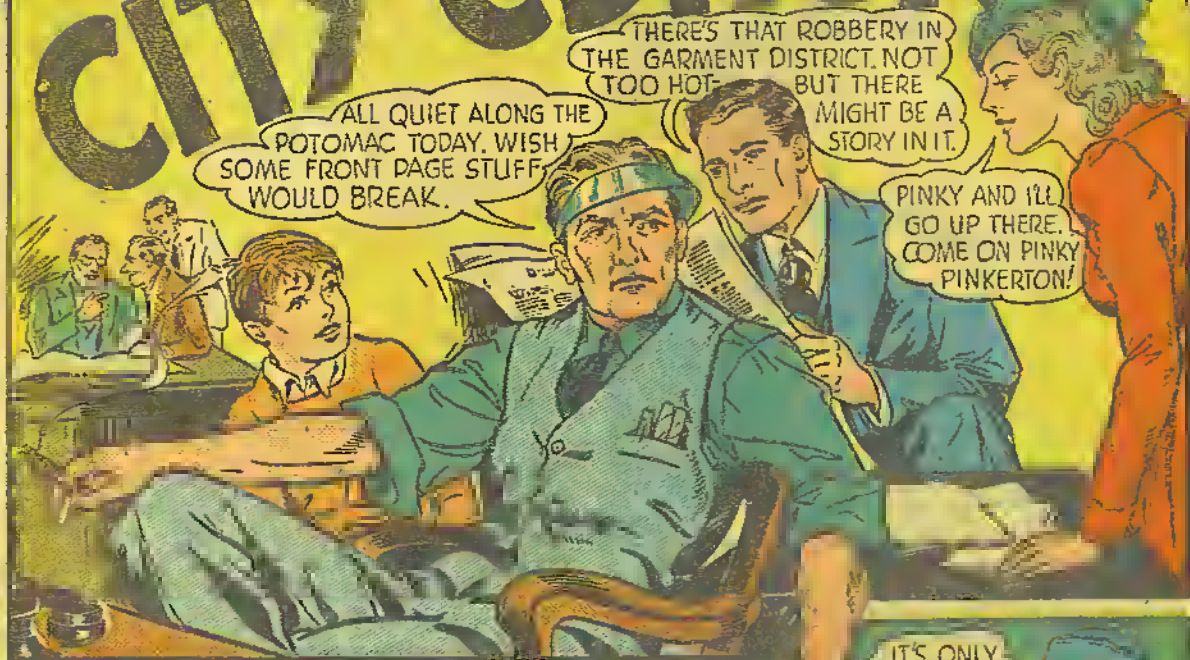
"Pretty sloppy for Navy style, but it'll do," he said.

He waved once more and roared toward a smudge on the horizon that marked the Eagle boat squadron.



# CITY EDITOR

BY POTTER



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TODAY. WISH SOME FRONT PAGE STUFF WOULD BREAK.

THERE'S THAT ROBBERY IN THE GARMENT DISTRICT. NOT TOO HOT BUT THERE MIGHT BE A STORY IN IT.

PINKY AND I'LL GO UP THERE. COME ON PINKY PINKERTON!



YOU SAY THAT CASE CAME IN LAST NIGHT TOO LATE TO UNPACK?

I'M NOT SAYIN' NOthin' TO THE PAPERS. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MR. FINKEL.



IT'S ONLY THE BUCKLES WITH THE GLASS IN EM THAT ARE SMASHED. THE DRESSES ARE FINE.

JOY BELL AND PINKY VISIT THE LOFT AT FINKEL'S AND FIND EVERYTHING IN DISORDER. PARIS GOWNS THROWN ON THE FLOOR AND THE DOOR SMASHED IN. THEY WAIT FOR MR. FINKEL.

PINKY PICKS UP ONE OF THE GOWNS AND EXAMINES IT. HE WONDERS WHY ALL THE SHINY ORNAMENTS HAVE BEEN SMASHED.



LOOKAT THIS SHINY THING I FOUND ON THE FLOOR.

IT'S GLASS, OR PASTE, OR SOMETHING OUT OF ONE OF THE CLIPS.



HOW DID THESE REPORTERS GET IN? I DON'T WANT NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY.

TAINT MY FAULT, MR. FINKEL. THE POLICE MUST HAVE LET EM IN.

PINKY HAS SOMETHING ON HIS MIND. HE SEARCHES THE FLOOR CAREFULLY.

WHEN MR. FINKEL ARRIVES HE IS VERY ANGRY AND APPARENTLY FRIGHTENED.

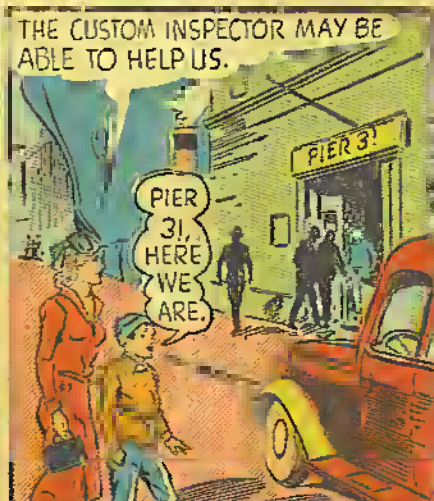




JOY BELL FINDS MR FINKEL MUCH EXCITED. HE IS COVERING UP SOMETHING.



THE ELEVATOR MAN HAS HIS UPS AND DOWNS—BUT HE IS SILENT ABOUT FINKEL.



SO THEY GO TO THE PIER TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS GOWNS.



THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR HAS NO SUSPICION OF ANY IRREGULARITY....



SO THEY DO A LOT OF HARD THINKING.... AND PINKY SUGGESTS SOMETHING THAT MAY FURNISH A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY!



THE CITY EDITOR, PHIL AND JOY BELL TALK OVER THE STORY.... AND ARE PRETTY CERTAIN THAT FINKEL IS A DIAMOND SMUGGLER...BUT...THE EVENING STAR MUST HAVE CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

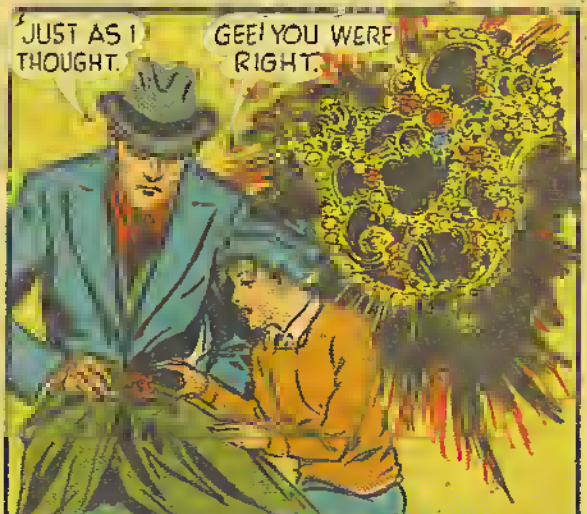




NOW TO GET THE GOODS ON FINKEL - I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THAT BIRD. WE'VE GOT HIS NUMBER AND THE STAR WILL HAVE AN EXCLUSIVE STORY.. AGAIN!

I NOTICED THE REALLY EXPENSIVE MODELS WERE THROWN ON A RUG, WHILE THE CHEAP ONES WERE HEAPED ON THE DUSTY FLOOR

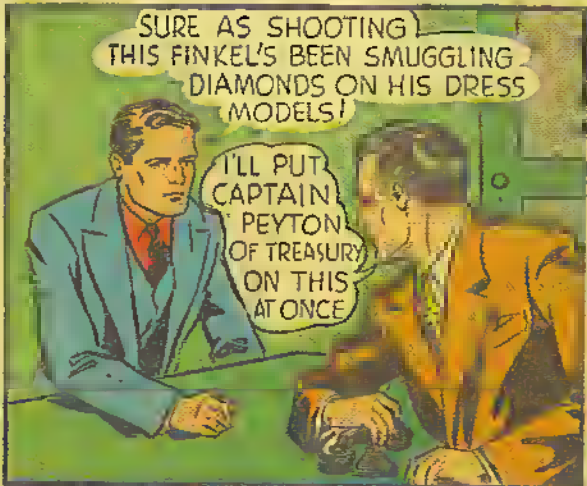
PHIL STARTS FOR THE FINKEL LOFT WHERE HE HOPES TO VERIFY HIS THEORY.



JUST AS I THOUGHT.

GEE! YOU WERE RIGHT.

A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE ORNAMENTS CONVINCES HIM THAT HE IS 100% RIGHT.



SURE AS SHOOTING THIS FINKEL'S BEEN SMUGGLING DIAMONDS ON HIS DRESS MODELS!

I'LL PUT CAPTAIN PEYTON OF TREASURY ON THIS AT ONCE

PHIL PUTS THE CASE TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL AND CONVINCES HIM AN INVESTIGATION IS IN ORDER.



SURE... HE'S HERE HE'S NO IDEA WE SUSPECT HIM!

OFFICERS FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT ACCOMPANY PHIL TO FINKEL, INC.



WHY DID YOU OPEN THAT CASE YOURSELF? SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO KEEP HIDDEN?

I DIDNT. YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF- THE DOOR WAS BROKEN DOWN!

THEN HE GIVES FINKEL A DISAGREEABLE HALF HOUR WHILE THE T-MEN SEARCH THE LOFT.



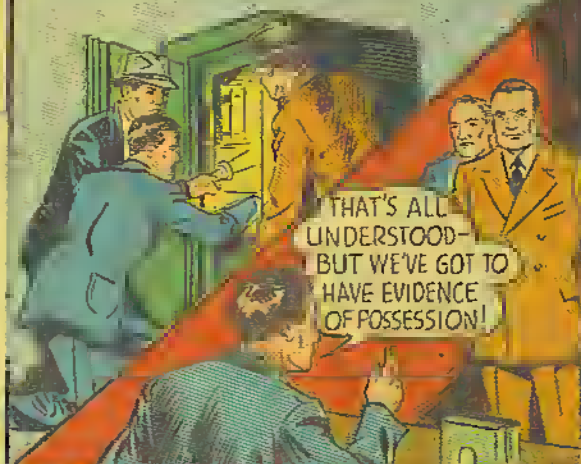
FINKEL, YOU RESET DIAMONDS IN THOSE BUCKLES IN AMSTERDAM! OPEN YOUR SAFE! SEARCHING!

WHAD'YE MEAN DIAMONDS? I'M A MODEL IMPORTER!

AND FIND ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEMSELVES THAT FINKEL IS UNDOUBTEDLY GUILTY.

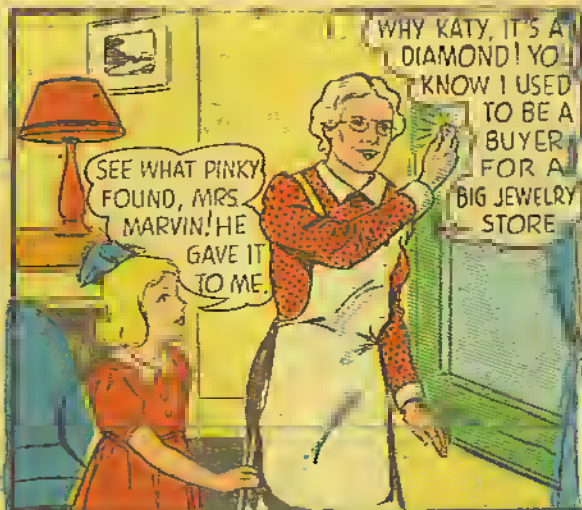


NO DIAMONDS WERE FOUND IN THE SAFE



THAT'S ALL UNDERSTOOD— BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE EVIDENCE OF POSSESSION!

DEFINITE PROOF IS NEEDED BEFORE THEY CAN ARREST MR. FINKEL.



WHY KATY, IT'S A DIAMOND! YOU KNOW I USED TO BE A BUYER FOR A BIG JEWELRY STORE

SEE WHAT PINKY FOUND, MRS. MARVIN! HE GAVE IT TO ME.

MEANWHILE—KATY SHOWS THE SHINY STONE THAT HER BROTHER HAS GIVEN HER TO HER LANDLADY.



IT'S A DIAMOND, PINKY! MRS. MARVIN SAYS SO— AND SHE KNOWS!

OH, GEE! THIS'LL FIX THAT CROOK FINKEL! WON'T PHIL BE PLEASED!

SHE TELLS PINKY WHAT SHE HAS HEARD— AND HIS QUICK MIND TELLS HIM WHAT IT MEANS.



AIN'T THIS DIAMOND EVIDENCE? I PICKED IT UP ON FINKEL'S FLOOR. THOUGHT IT WAS GLASS!

THE BOY'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE NEED. BRING HIM IN SERGEANT!

TO THE TREASURY-DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATORS, AND...WHAT A SCOOP FOR THE EVENING STAR!



WHILE DETECTIVES LOOK FOR THEIR MAN IN THE LOFT, PINKY DOES A BIT OF SLEUTHING IN FINKEL'S OFFICE—



AND FINDS A CIGARETTE PACKAGE STUFFED WITH COTTON. HE REMOVES THE COTTON.



THEN.... SHAKES OUT ON THE DESK— FORTY DIAMONDS!!





PHIL AND THE DETECTIVES RUSH IN.....  
THE EVIDENCE AGAINST FINKEL IS NOW COMPLETE.



AND THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER FACES  
A LONG TERM OF IMPRISONMENT.



BUT HE TRICKS THE DETECTIVES BY A RUSE,  
AND CLIMBS OUT OF A WINDOW ONTO THE FIRE ESCAPE.



WHERE HE FLINGS HIMSELF DOWN TO THE  
SECOND FLOOR.....



MEANWHILE—PINKY DASHES OUT OF THE STREET  
ENTRANCE BELOW AND CALLS A POLICEMAN  
TO STOP THE FLEEING CRIMINAL.



FINKEL MAKES A TERRIFIC LEAP ACROSS A  
COURT TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR.





MR. FINKEL MAKES A WILD DASH ACROSS THE ROOF AND GAINS THE ENTRANCE TO THE STAIRWAY.



HE LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS AND DARTS INTO AN OPEN DOOR AT THE BOTTOM—



WHICH IS THE ENTRANCE TO A FURNITURE WAREHOUSE..... HE HIDES IN A BOX-COUCH,



BUT.....PINKY COMES IN FROM THE STREET AND NOTICES A STRIPED TIE CAUGHT IN THE COUCH LID



NO MORE ESCAPING FOR FINKEL NOW THAT PATROLMAN REILLY HAS HIS HAND ON HIM!



LOOK FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PINKY, JOY BELL AND PHIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS



# HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNERS

The winners of the contest conducted in the February and March issues of Target Comics to help select a name for its new companion magazine are listed below. The judges had a mighty hard time making their selection because of the thousands of entries received, but every entrant was given careful consideration and here are the lucky boys and girls:

## FIRST PRIZE WINNER

Maurice Tofani

Jackson Heights, New York

## SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Herman J. Anderson

St. Paul, Minn.

## THIRD PRIZE WINNER

Martin Stein

Philadelphia, Penna.

## FOURTH PRIZE WINNER

Nathan Bogoch

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

## FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS

S. Salmanowitz  
Bronx, N. Y.  
A. E. Stuart, Jr.  
Ferryday, La.  
Sal Russo  
Lodi, N. J.  
Jack Shifrin  
Perth Amboy, N. J.  
Robert Wyttenbach  
Evansville, Ind.  
Anthony Pula  
Swarta Station, Pa.  
Richard Mulvihill  
West Orange, N. J.  
Jack Garellek  
Outremont, Que., Canada.  
H. A. Shelton, Jr.  
Washington, D. C.  
Harold Ashley  
Yonkers, N. Y.

Martin Golinsky  
New York City  
Domenick Mele  
Bronx, N. Y.  
Sanford Gray  
New York City  
John J. White  
Dorchester, Mass.  
Gilbert Lee  
Stockton, Calif.  
Sidney Wiener  
Chicago, Ill.  
Meyer Fass  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Donald Reed  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
George Greenwood  
Ville Emard, Montreal, P. Q.,  
Canada

Franklin Wolverton  
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.  
Harry Malumuth  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Arthur Kulosa, Jr.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Michael Ciliberti  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Bernard Tissian  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Martin Szostek  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
George Solomon  
Detroit, Mich.  
Esmond Stanton  
St. John, N. B., Canada  
William Martin  
Newport, R. I.  
Herbert Uhlig  
College Point, N. Y.



## FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS (Continued)

Fred Bogoch  
Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Roger Bass  
New York City

Jerry Lazarus  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Glen Sutton  
Kinmundy, Ill.

Eugene Stern  
Chicago, Ill.

Joe Buszema  
Chicago, Ill.

Cyril R. Ciampichini  
Dickson City, Pa.

Julius Intraub  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Daniel Fairlie  
West Orange, N. J.

J. Javinsky  
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Robert Young  
Golden, Colo.

Frank La Bianco  
Chicago, Ill.

Philip Bill Galipo  
Warrensville, Ohio

Marvin Wentz  
Napoleon, N. Dak.

Vincent Dorsa  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dianne Netherland  
Nashville, Tenn.

Jean Synder  
Edmore, Mich.

Philip Mainero  
East Boston, Mass.

Paul Halloran  
University City, Mo.

Jerry Maag  
Richmond, Ind.

Harry Perrus  
Connellsville, Pa.

## SIXTH PRIZE WINNERS

William Clift  
Eolivar, Tenn.

Clarence Christiansen  
Georgetown, Del.

Donald Hepworth  
Beverly, Mass.

Jack Herbert  
Gifford, Ill.

Dave Powell  
Peoria, Ill.

Gene Mooney  
Belle, W. Va.

Vincent DiVittorio  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Jack Cannuli  
Geneva, N. Y.

Norman Clark  
Dayton, Ohio

Donavon Wagner  
Knoxville, Ill.

Orville Smith  
Aliceville, Ala.

Frances Luhman  
Long Branch, N. J.

Richard Seua  
Mt. Harris, Colo.

Jerry Zahuranec  
Maple Heights, Ohio

John Shulda  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Dominick Sestito  
White Plains, N. Y.

John Byrne  
Cleveland, Ohio

Eddy Nachtigal  
Cleveland, Ohio

Frank Wasiski  
Camden, N. J.

Paul Choma  
Paterson, N. J.

Joseph Fields  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Erwin McCalla  
Bronx, N. Y.

Junior Ramsey  
Belle, W. Va.

Charles Anderson  
Muncie, Ind.

Hymie Koretzy  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. Rapkin  
Rochester, N. Y.

Ramon Ortega  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lester Phillips  
Rochester, N. Y.

Jack Besenger  
Elvins, Mo.

Lonny Polk  
Port Huron, Mich.

George Yeager  
Bronx, N. Y.

Jean Hudson  
Richmond, Va.

Dale O'Neil  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Robert Wagner  
Chicago, Ill.

Henry Holt  
Nashville, Tenn.

Ira David Lawrence  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Melvin Birnbach  
New York City

Harvey Tekman  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Byron Promisel  
Bronx, N. Y.

William Leutner  
Baltimore, Md.

Paul Giguere  
Lowell, Mass.

Kieth Pierson  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Joey Bieluch  
Jersey City, N. J.

George Fukushima  
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

John Triebe  
San Francisco, Calif.

Pete Mandrake  
Detroit, Mich.

Rosalind C. Ignatz  
Sacramento, Calif.

Jay H. Cooper  
Vernal, Utah

Emil Van Hoorebeke  
Rock Island, Ill.

Lawrence Brenner  
Chicago, Ill.



LaPette Films  
PRESENTS

# FANTASTIC FEATURE FILMS

A collage of actor portraits with their names on banners. Karen Drake is at the top left. Below her is Bruce Brian. To the right of Bruce Brian is Darron Davis. In the center is Cynthia Stone. To her right is Warren Hart. Further right is Orson Black, who is larger than the others and has a banner below him that reads 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'. Several other smaller, more grotesque-looking faces are scattered around the main group.

KAREN DRAKE

BRUCE BRIAN

DARRON DAVIS

CYNTHIA STONE

WARREN HART

ORSON BLACK  
'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'

NOW  
SHOWING

# THE Music Monster

A large, yellow-skinned monster with wild, flame-like red hair is screaming with its mouth wide open. It is pointing both index fingers towards the viewer. The background is green with several musical notes floating around. The title 'THE Music Monster' is written in large, bold, black letters across the center, with 'THE' in a smaller font above 'Music'.

THE  
Music  
Monster



# Cast

IVAN GOREVSKI - Orson Black  
OLGA GOREVSKI - Cynthia Stone  
J. P. VANDER - Warren Hart  
JUDITH VANDER - Karen Drake  
SASHA MELIKOFF - Darren Davis

As a slow paralysis creeps over the right arm of Ivan Gorevski, world renowned violinist, he realizes his career is at an end.

Penniless, he now regrets having haughtily rejected the proceeds of a charity benefit and financial aid from those who had thrilled to his music.

**B**ITTER and insanely jealous, he notices that his beautiful and luxury-loving wife, Olga, is becoming increasingly dissatisfied. Fearing to lose her, his mind forms a diabolical plot whereby he can keep her surrounded with the luxuries she craves.

HMM - I HAVE LONG BEEN AWARE OF THE POWER I CAN EXERCISE WITH MY PRECIOUS VIOLIN. I HAVE ALWAYS HESITATED BUT, NOW...NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF MY CAREER...



...I WILL NO LONGER HESITATE...AND THOUGH I CANNOT PLAY SO WELL, I CAN STILL PLAY ENOUGH TO---



SEIZING HIS VIOLIN, GOREVSKI DRAWS THE BOW ACROSS THE STRINGS...

AT THE SAME TIME A FRAGILE CRYSTAL VASE SHATTERS INTO BITS...

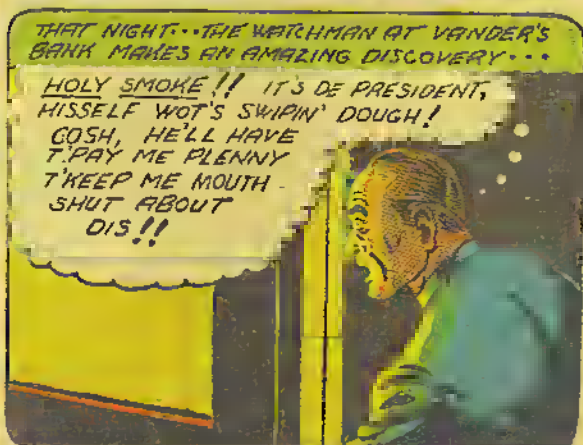
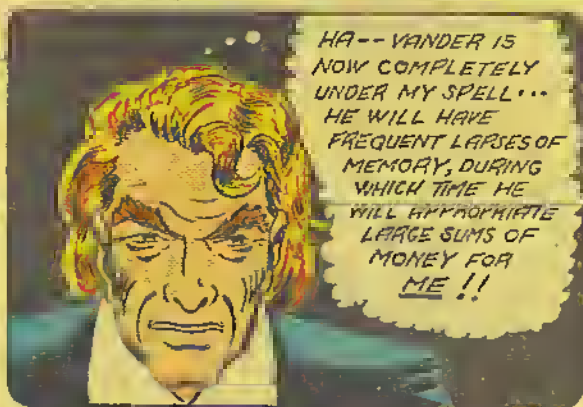
AHHHH...EVEN AS I SHATTERED THIS VASE, SO WILL I BREAK DOWN ANOTHER'S WILL AND FORCE THEM TO DO MY BIDDING!



GOREVSKI MAY NO LONGER BE THE GREAT ARTIST...BUT ERE GOREVSKI'S RIGHT ARM HANGS USELESS, HE WILL HAVE AMASSED A FORTUNE...AND NO ONE THE WISER!









BUT, DARLING, HOW MARVELOUS! THEN YOU MEAN WE ARE NOT REALLY POOR? BUT, HOW,--

OLGA, MY PRECIOUS, I WAS BUT JESTING A WEEK AGO WHEN I SAID WE WERE PENNILESS AND--THERE'S THE BELL, THAT MUST BE MY COUSIN, SASHA!

AH, MY DEAR IVAN, YOU SEEM TO BE IN SO MUCH BETTER SPIRITS LATELY--

WELL, SASHA, IT'S BECAUSE SOME OF MY--ER--INVESTMENTS HAVE TURNED OUT VERY PROFITABLY!



BY THE BY, SASHA, I SHALL BE UNABLE TO TAKE OLGA TO THE RECITAL AS I EXPECT A PUPIL! WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO ACCOMPANY HER?

BUT, CERTAINLY, IVAN, I AM ONLY TOO HAPPY TO BE OF SERVICE TO YOU!



GLAMOROUS JUDITH VANDER, NO.1 DEBUTANTE, ARRIVES FOR A LESSON...

I'M SO THRILLED MR. GOREVSKI, TO HAVE YOU FOR MY TEACHER!

AND I AM HONORED TO HAVE ONE SO LOVELY AND TALENTED FOR A PUPIL!



AS THE LESSON PROGRESSES...

NO! NO! MY CHILD... YOU PUT NO FEELING INTO THE MUSIC! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU HOW THAT SHOULD BE PLAYED!



SHORTLY AFTER, JUDITH SLUMPS IN HER CHAIR...

AH, MY INNOCENT ONE, YOU HAVE ENTRÉE TO THE MOST EXCLUSIVE HOMES... SO YOU SHALL BE THE MEANS OF SUPPLYING MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE WITH THE PRICELESS JEWELS OF THE RICH!



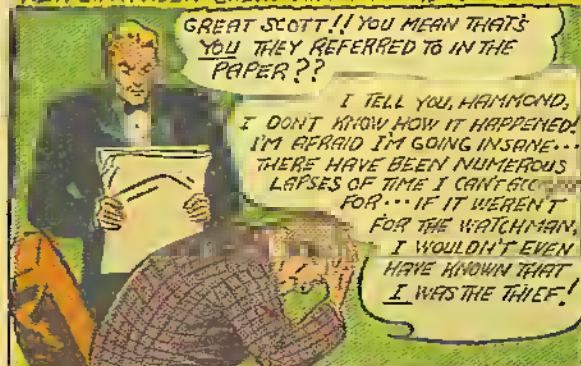
A FEW DAYS LATER... **TOWN**

SCOOP: AN EMBEZZLEMENT SCANDAL THAT WILL ROCK THE TOWN IS ABOUT TO BREAK ANY DAY NOW... IT INVOLVES ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED AND BEST KNOWN NAMES IN THE BANKING BUSINESS...

FLASH: HIGH SOCIETY IS FEELING PRETTY LOW THESE DAYS AFTER THE SERIES OF INSIDE-JOB ROBBERIES... DETECTIVES ARE A DIME A DOZEN AT EVERY SWANK AFFAIR, BUT THE THIEF ELUDE THEM...



AS JUDITH'S FIANCE, REGGIE HAMMOND WAITS FOR HER, J.P. VANDER CALLS HIM INTO THE STUDY...



GREAT SCOTT!! YOU MEAN THAT'S YOU THEY REFERRED TO IN THE PAPER??

I TELL YOU, HAMMOND, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! I'M AFRAID I'M GOING INSANE... THERE HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS LAPSES OF TIME I CAN'T GO FOR... IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WATCHMAN, I WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE KNOWN THAT I WAS THE THIEF!

I'VE BEEN PAYING HIM 'HUSH' MONEY FOR SOME TIME... BUT THEY ARE INVESTIGATING NOW...



IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS' AND THEN----!! THE WORST OF IT IS THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID WITH THE MONEY... I CAN'T--

HUSH! THERE'S JUDITH NOW... I'LL STOP BACK LATER... THERE MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE IN BACK OF THIS!

LATER... IN THE SUMPTUOUS HOME OF WEALTHY MRS. CARTER...



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE JUDITH, YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO STRANGE LATELY?

OH, STOP ASKING SO MANY QUESTIONS, REGGIE! REMEMBER I'M NOT YOUR WIFE YET... AND I CAN COME AND GO AS I PLEASE!

DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENING, JUDITH SLIPS INTO MRS. CARTER'S BEDROOM...



NOW TO LEAVE... BEFORE THEY ARE MISSED!

HAVING NOTED JUDITH'S TRANCE-LIKE STARE AND MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, REGGIE HAD FOLLOWED...



GREAT HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE! JUDITH... STEALING?



JUDITH! WHAT ARE YOU ---

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FOOL! SOMEONE IS COMING... DO YOU WANT THEM TO CATCH.

WRENCHING FREE FROM THE ASTOUNDED REGGIE, JUDITH MAKES HER ESCAPE THROUGH THE SERVANT'S ENTRANCE AND HAILING A PASSING CAB, SPEEDS TO THE HOME OF GOREVSKI...



GO TO 711 STATE STREET--- HURRY!



MEANWHILE...

WHY, I'VE BEEN  
ROBBED! REGGIE  
HAMMOND... YOU!!  
HELP! POLIC--  
GLUG--

SHUSH, MRS. CARTER,  
WAIT, I'LL EXPLAIN...  
I'LL MAKE GOOD  
YOUR LOSSES... I'LL--  
OWWWW!  
QUIT  
BITING!



HAVING RECEIVED THE JEWELS FROM JUDITH,  
GOREVSKI GLEEFULLY APP. RISES HER...

BEAUTIES... EVERY ONE!  
PRICELESS! SUCH A  
SHORT TIME AND  
ALREADY I HAVE  
ACCUMULATED  
A FORTUNE...



I TELL YOU, OLGA,  
THE NECKLACE AND  
EARRINGS YOU ARE  
WEARING WERE STOLEN  
FROM MRS. VAN LODM...  
I RECOGNIZED THEM  
AT ONCE!

BUT THAT IS  
RIDICULOUS,  
COUSIN SASHA,  
IVAN JUST  
BOUGHT THEM  
FOR ME THE  
OTHER DAY...

...I'LL WAIT HERE  
AND I'LL ASK  
HIM WHERE HE  
PURCHASED THEM!



RUSHING INTO IVAN'S STUDY, OLGA IS AMAZED  
TO SEE...

OH, IVAN, I...  
WHY, WHERE DID YOU  
GET... OHHH...  
IT'S-- IT'S TRUE...



THERE... TAKE THEM!  
KEEP YOUR STOLEN  
JEWELS, YOU-- YOU THIEF!  
AND I HOPE I MAY  
NEVER SET EYES ON YOU  
AGAIN...



AS OLGA SLAMS THE DOOR, GOREVSKI  
BECOMES FRENZIED WITH RAGE...

SHE'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS HOUSE!  
I HAVE DYNAMITE STORED  
AWAY... I'LL BLAST  
EVERYTHING TO  
ETERNITY!



HAVING CONVINCED MRS. CARTER THAT HE WOULD  
RECOVER HER JEWELS, REGGIE HASTENED TO  
CHECK ON THE COPS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, UNTIL...

YEAH! I DROVE HER  
TO 711 STATE STREET!  
I THINK THE GUY'S  
A MUSICIAN... HE'S  
GOT HIMSELF  
AS A DAME'S!

HMM-- GOREVSKI! JUST  
AS I SUSPECTED!

OKAY... TAKE ME  
THERE... AND STEP  
ON IT!





WHILE OLGA HURRIEDLY PACKS HER CLOTHES...  
GOREVSKI WORKS FEVERISHLY WIRING THE DYNAMITE...

HA-- WHO SAID MY  
MUSICAL GENIUS  
WAS IN VAIN?  
I'LL TOUCH OFF  
THE WIRES TO THE  
DYNAMITE BY  
THE VIBRATIONS  
FROM MY  
VIOLIN!



AHHH... FINISHED! AND NOW GOREVSKI,  
THE GREAT VIOLINIST WILL  
PLAY HIS LAST  
MASTERPIECE!

HAHAHAHA!



AT THE SAME TIME...

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE MIRTH,  
GOREVSKI, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE A  
LITTLE CONFESSION TO WRITE... PICK UP  
THAT PEN AND START WRITING--  
FAST!



IN A FRENZY FOR FEAR OLGA WILL ESCAPE,  
GOREVSKI HURRIEDLY WRITES OUT A CONFESSION...

WOW! THIS WAS ONE HUNCH  
THAT WAS RIGHT!

HERE... TAKE  
IT! TAKE IT!

AND NOW YOU CAN  
TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE  
HIDDEN THE MONEY AND  
JEWELS!

HA-- YOU'LL NEVER  
LIVE TO GET  
OUT WITH IT!

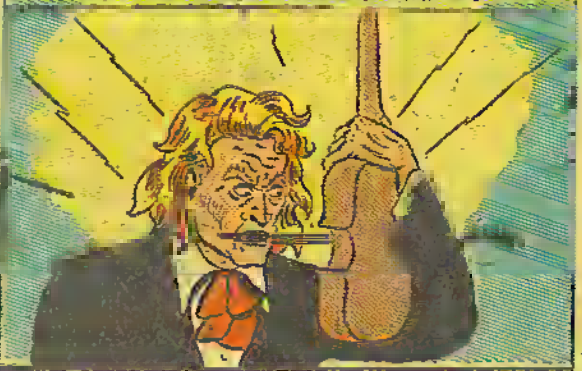


AS REGGIE DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOOR...  
GOREVSKI GRASPS FOR HIS VIOLIN... WHEN...

MY ARM! MY  
ARM!!  
IT IS  
PARALYZED!!



FRENZIED WITH RAGE AND DESPAIR, HE SEIZES  
THE BOW IN HIS TEETH... AND MAKING A LAST  
EFFORT TO DRAW IT ACROSS THE STRINGS... HE...



SUCCEEDS...

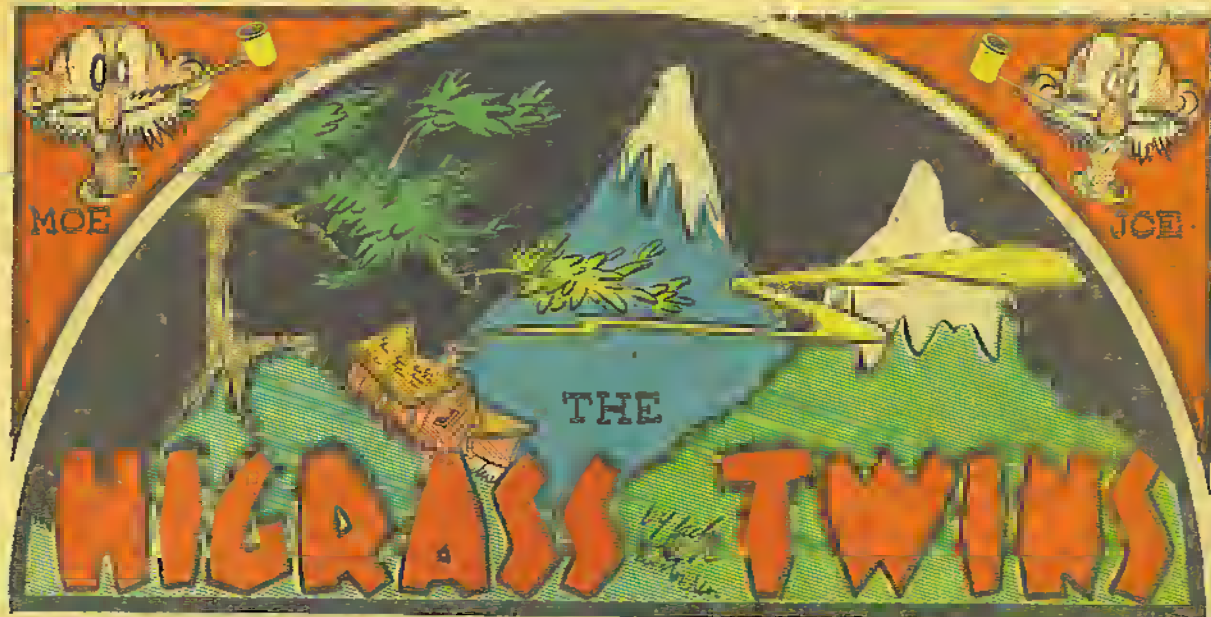


WHAT TH--

GREAT  
HEAVENS!  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

THE END.







CAME THE DAY OF THE  
BIG- CONTEST.

WE IS A CINC H TUN  
WIN ON ACCOUNTA  
THARS TWO UV US  
WHICH MAKES US  
TWICE AS PURTY!



MOORE  
LATER-

HMMMM-  
NEXT!!

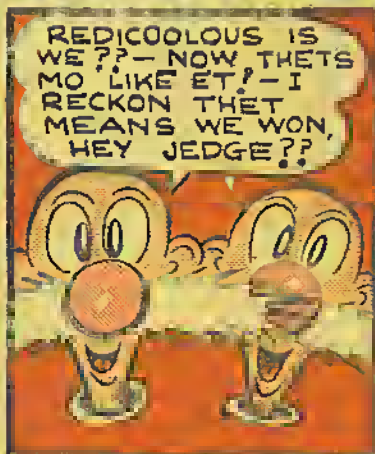
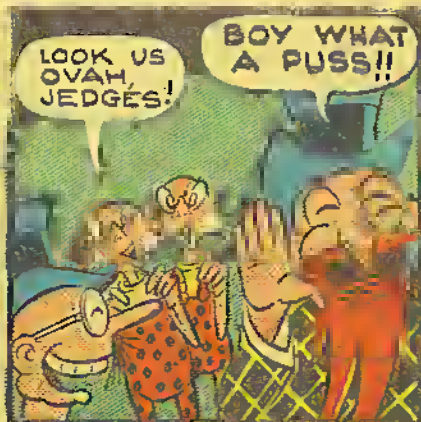
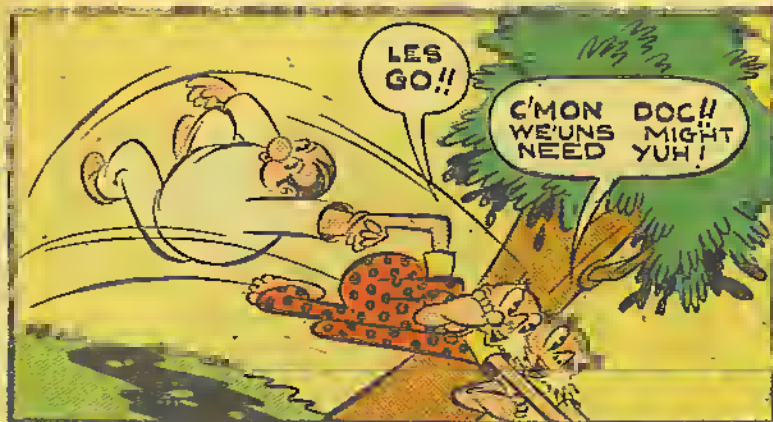


TH- THEY LAUGHED  
AT US - WE CAINT  
BE THET. UGLY!

CMON,  
ET'S NOT  
TOO LATE  
TUN WIN  
YIT!



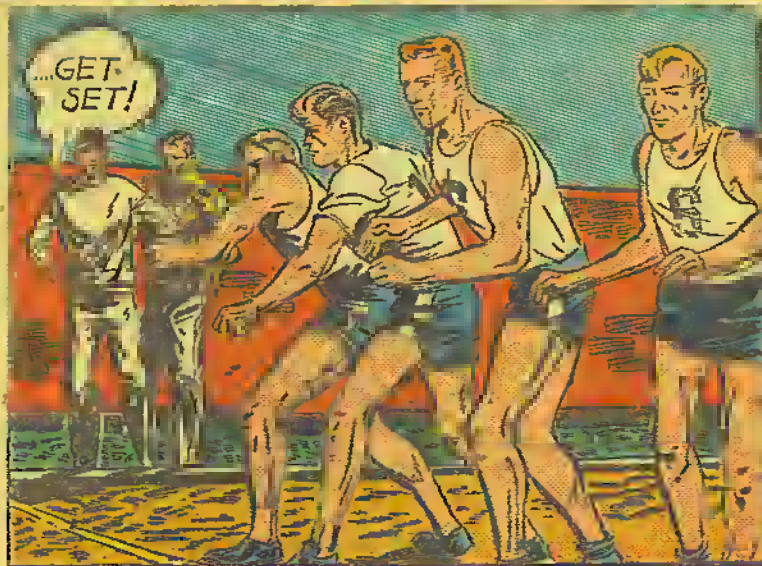






**FOUR-LETTER MAN**  
AT STATE COLLEGE.

WITH THE CLOSE OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON, INTEREST AT "STATE COLLEGE" CENTERS ON TRACK... WILL RIP RORY PROVE AS VALUABLE TO THE TRACK TEAM AT THE END OF THE SEASON... IS HE?... BASKETBALL AND TRACK MIX SUCCESSFULLY?... RIP IS NOW OUT FOR TRACK... WE WATCH HIM BEING CLOCKED IN HIS FIRST TRIAL RUN...







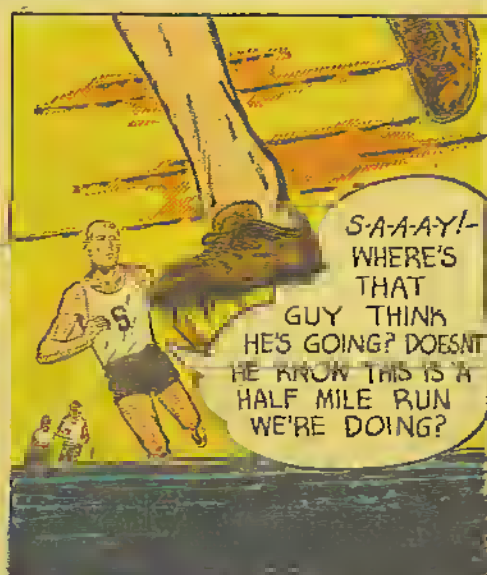
THE RUNNERS GET OFF TO A FLYING START WITH RIP RORY TAKING THE LEAD.



ANOTHER STATE RUNNER SHOOTS OUT FROM THE PACK IN THE REAR, COMES ABREAST OF RIP RORY...



..... AND SPRINTS AHEAD TO A GOOD LEAD!!

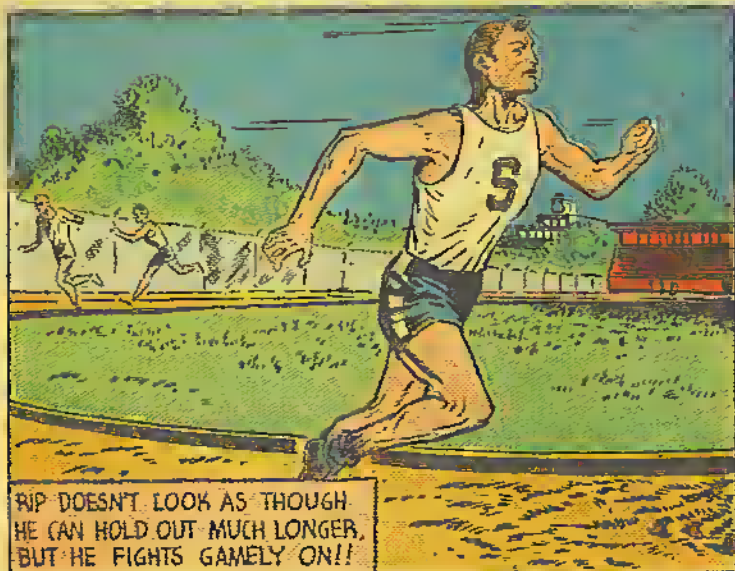


TOO BAD!-I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN RIP FINISH THE RACE!



THE RUNNER IN THE LEAD TURNS OUT TO BE A PACE-MAKER AND DROPS OUT AT THE QUARTER MARK





RIP DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH HE CAN HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, BUT HE FIGHTS GAMELY ON!!

THE BOY'S GOT MORE FIGHT IN HIM THAN I THOUGHT!

HIS TIME IS TERRIFIC, NOW! IF HE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT AND FINISH!

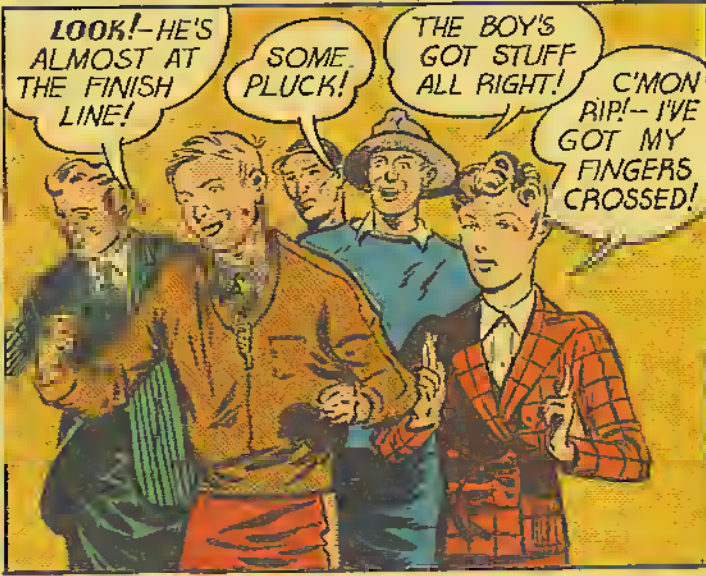


LOOK!-HE'S ALMOST AT THE FINISH LINE!

SOME PLUCK!

THE BOY'S GOT STUFF ALL RIGHT!

C'MON RIP!- I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!



RIP MAKES A DESPERATE LUNGE AND PLUNGES OVER THE FINISH LINE!

1:51!



BOYS I WANT YOU TO WATCH YOUR TRAINING RULES... YOU'VE GOT TO BE IN TOP FORM FOR OUR DUEL MEET WITH EVERETTE COLLEGE.



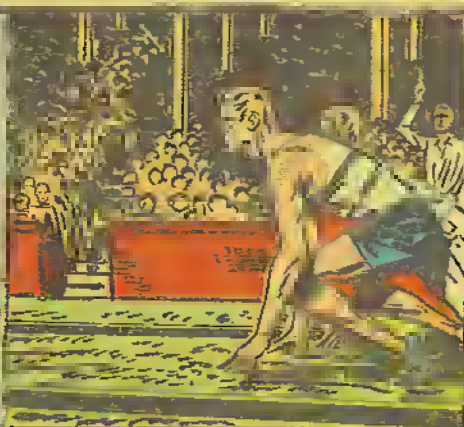
IN THE LOCKER ROOM LATER.



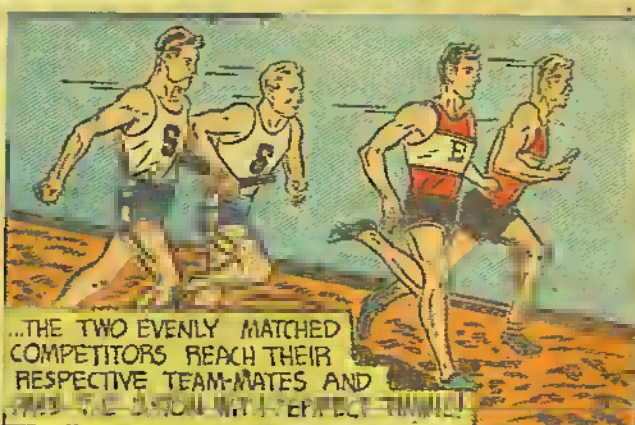
THE FOLLOWING WEEK FINDS STATE COLLEGE DEADLOCKED IN A BITTERLY CONTESTED DUEL MEET WITH EVERETTE COLLEGE...IN SPITE OF STATE TAKING MOST OF THE FIRST PLACES, EVERETTE COLLEGE HAS MANAGED TO KEEP THE MEET TIED UP BY CAPTURING MOST OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PLACES...

THE SCORE STANDS 43 TO 43 AS THE TWO TEAMS GET SET FOR THE LAST AND DECIDING RACE OF THE MEET. THE MEDLEY RELAY... RIP, HAVING RESTED AFTER WINNING THE HALF MILE RUN EARLIER IN THE MEET, IS NOW PREPARED TO RUN AS ANCHOR MAN ON THE MEDLEY RELAY.....

A MEDLEY RELAY CONSISTS OF FOUR RUNNERS... EACH MAN RUNS A DIFFERENT DISTANCE, THE ORDER BEING 660 YARDS, 220 YARDS, 440 YARDS AND THE ANCHOR MAN WHO RUNS 880 YARDS OR A HALF MILE.



BOTH RUNNERS ARE OFF AT THE CRACK OF THE GUN!! THEY ARE ABOUT EVENLY MATCHED.... THE EVERETTE MAN SEEMS TO HAVE THE SLIGHT EDGE THOUGH.



...THE TWO EVENLY MATCHED COMPETITORS REACH THEIR RESPECTIVE TEAM-MATES AND

THEY PASS THE BATON WITH PERFECT TIMING!!



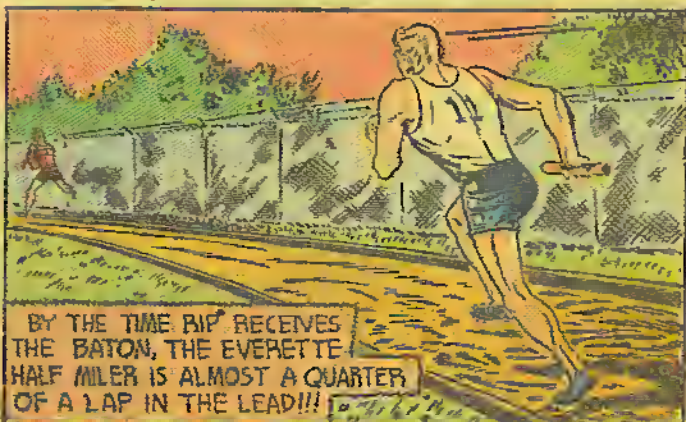
AGAIN THE TWO RUNNERS, THIS TIME THE 220 YARD MEN, REACH THEIR TEAM-MATES AND

AS THEY REACH THE 440 YARD MEN AND PREPARE TO PASS THE BATON.....



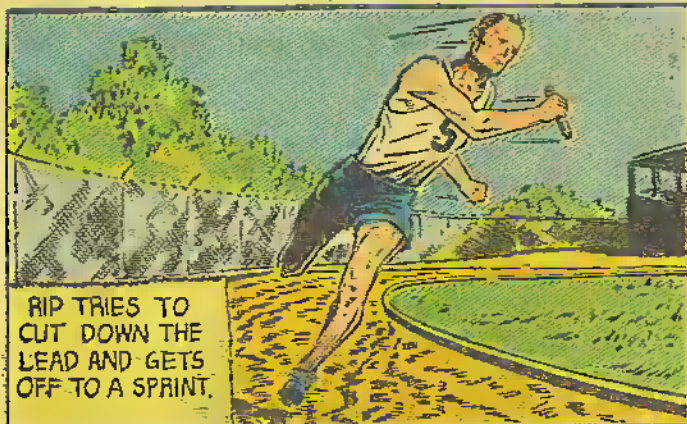
....A MISHAP OCCURS, AS STATES QUARTER MILER DROPS THE BATON IN HIS ANXIETY TO GET OFF TO A FAST START!

RIP LOOKS ON IN DISMAY AS HIS TEAM MATE SCURRIES BACK TO PICK UP THE BATON... EVERETTE'S QUARTER MILER PICKS UP A LEAD OF ALMOST A HALF LAP!!!

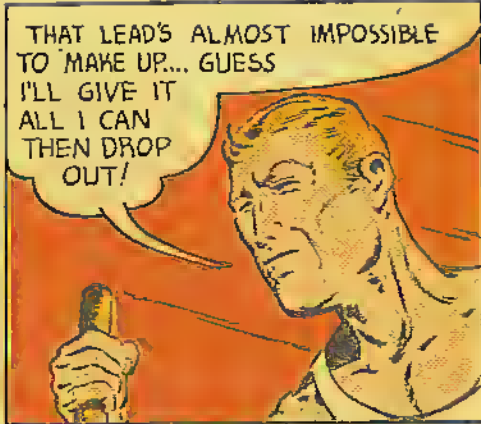


BY THE TIME RIP RECEIVES THE BATON, THE EVERETTE HALF MILER IS ALMOST A QUARTER OF A LAP IN THE LEAD!!!



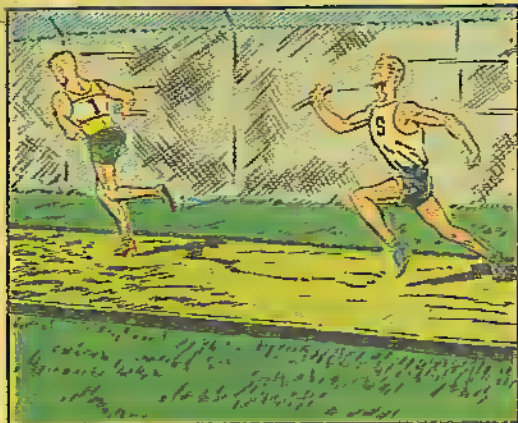


RIP TRIES TO CUT DOWN THE LEAD AND GETS OFF TO A SPRINT.



THAT LEAD'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE UP... GUESS I'LL GIVE IT ALL I CAN THEN DROP OUT!

RIP DECIDES THAT REGARDLESS OF WHETHER HE FINISHES THE RACE OR NOT, HE WILL AT LEAST MAKE STATE LOOK GOOD FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

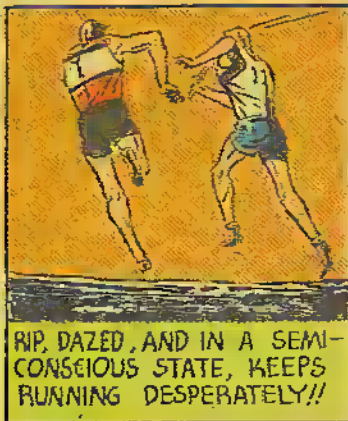


THE EVERETTE HALF-MILER IS SURPRISED AT BEING OVERTAKEN AND PUTS ON A SPRINT!



GOT TO... DROP OUT... NOW...

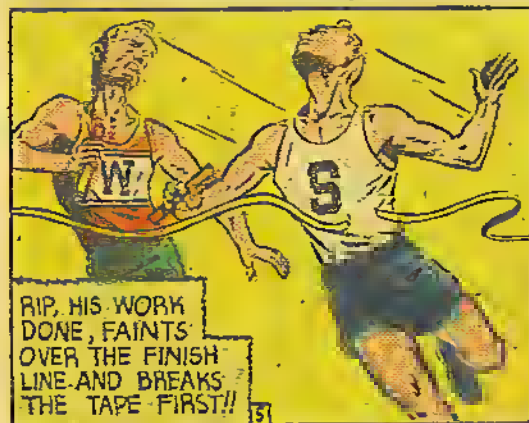
AT THE 660 MARK, RIP GETS READY TO DROP OUT...THE CROWD ROARS... HE CAN'T QUIT NOW!



RIP, DAZED, AND IN A SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE, KEEPS RUNNING DESPERATELY!!



RIP'S LEGS KEEP MOVING AUTOMATICALLY... THE CROWD GOES WILD!!! FIVE YARDS TO GO!!!



RIP, HIS WORK DONE, FAINTS OVER THE FINISH LINE AND BREAKS THE TAPE FIRST!!



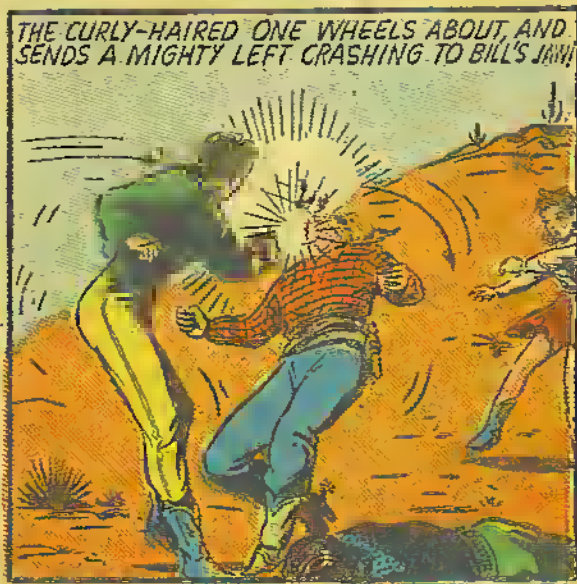
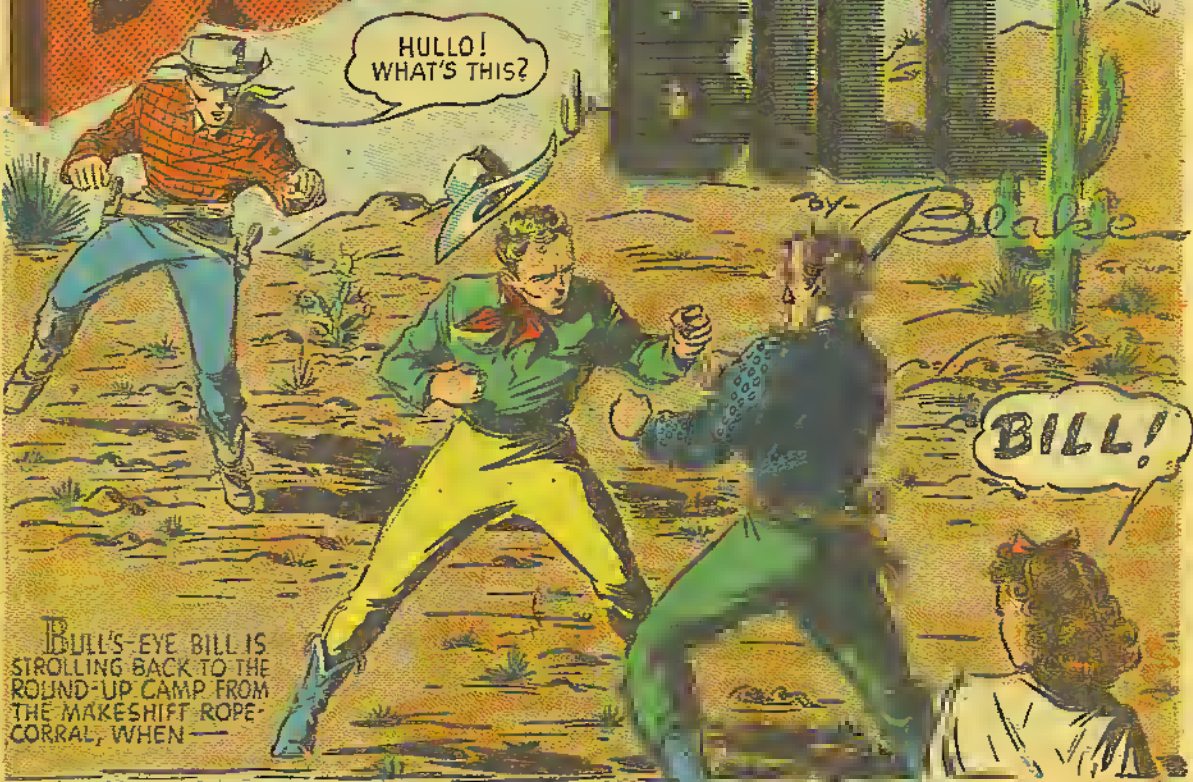
HOW DID WE MAKE OUT, ANNE?

YOU WON, RIP!... YOU WON!!

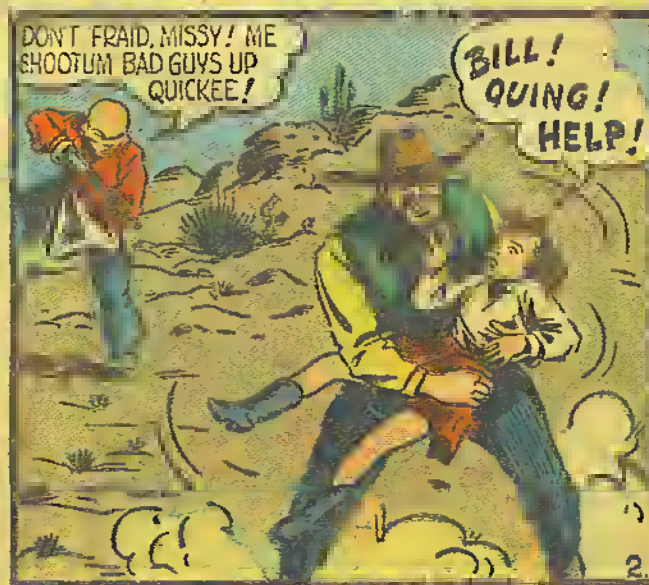
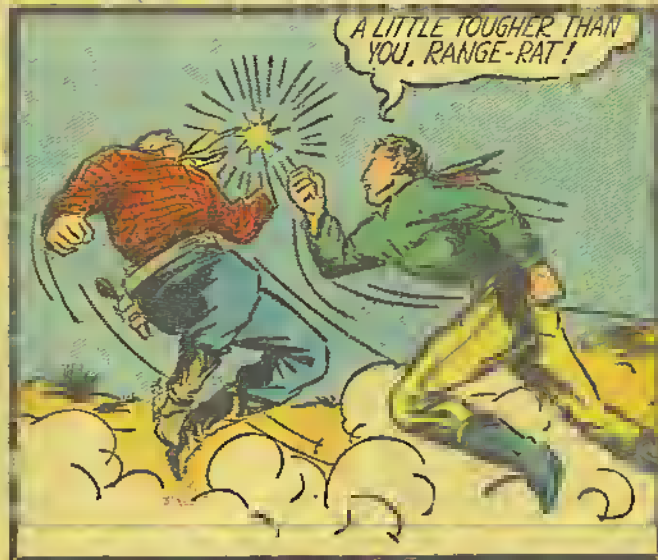
DO NOT MISS NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF "RIP" RORY IN TARGET-COMICS



# BULL'S-EYE BILL







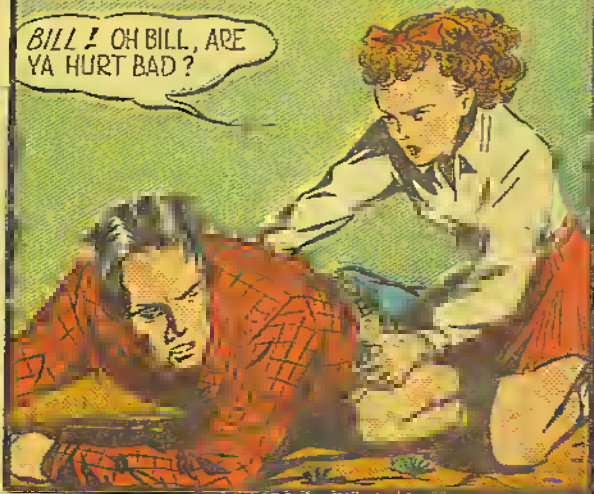


RAISING THE CARBINE TO HIS SHOULDER, QUING LETS FLY A BLAST OF LEAD - STRAIGHT INTO BLACKBEARD'S HUGE FRAME!



DAWN RUSHES TO BILL'S INERT BODY, AND DROPS TO HER KNEES BESIDE HIM -

BILL! OH BILL, ARE YA HURT BAD?



NOPE - DON'T RECKON I AM - BUT HONEYCHILE WHAT'RE YOU-ALL DOIN' HERE IN CAMP AN' WHAT WUZ ALL THIS FRACAS ABOUT??



I-I CAME OUT WITH TED CAMERON - H-HE WANTED TO SEE WHAT A ROUND-UP CAMP LOOKS LIKE -



TED CAMERON? WHO'S HE?

H-HE'S THE D-DUDE THAT JEST KNOCKED YOU AND CHUCK OUT!



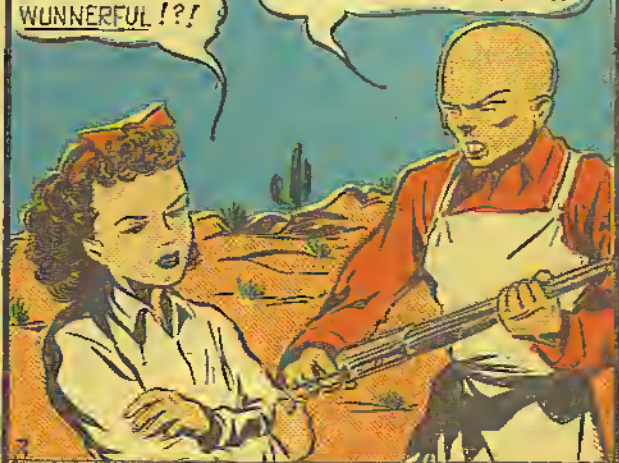
WHATS? TEND FEETS? TEND FEETS KNOCKUM-OUT ME BOSSY? ME KILLUM LIKE HAPPY HURRY! WHERE-UM AT, THISSY HERE TEND FEETS? QUING KNOCKUM HIM OUT - F'GOODSIES!!!

HO! TAKE IT EASY, QUING, Y'OLD BUZZARD!



IT'S TOO LATE, QUING - HE'S GONE - BUT WASN'T HE WUNNERFUL!?!?

QUING NO LIKEE YOU TALKEE THISAWAY 'BOUT BAD ENEMIES - YOU SHUTTY-UP!!





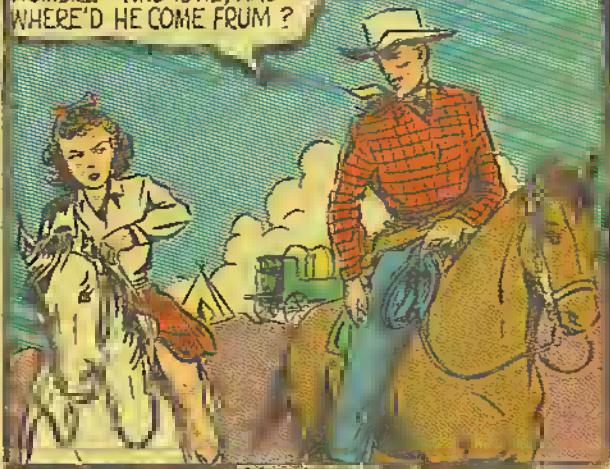
BILL AND DAWN MOUNT THEIR PONIES, TO RIDE  
BACK TO BILL'S RANCH -

WHADDYA MEAN, "WONDERFUL"  
CHICKEN? HE DURN NEAR  
MASSACRED ME, DIDN'T HE?

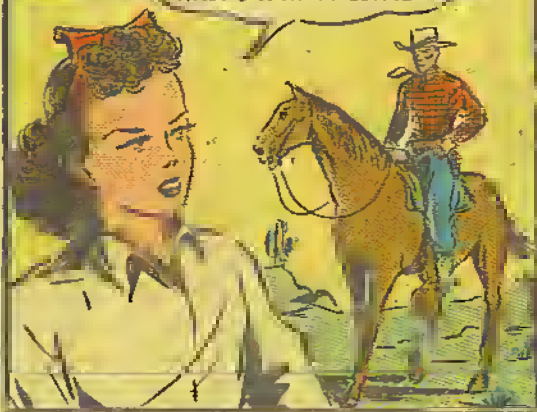
WA-AL-HE-HE  
IS A WINNERFUL  
FIGHTER - BUT I  
THINK YOU'RE LOTS  
NICER, BILL!



SURE - SURE, LITTLE BIT - I UNDERSTAND!  
BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS CAMERON  
HOMBRE - WHO IS HE, AND  
WHERE'D HE COME FRUM?



WA-AL, HE'S A COLLEGE GRADUATE - A FRIEND OF  
ONE OF DAD'S FORMER PARTNERS - AND HE'S OUT  
HERE FOR HIS HEALTH - HE WAS A BOXER, OR  
SOMETHIN' IN SCHOOL, AN' SOMETHIN' WENT  
WRONG WITH HIS LUNGS -

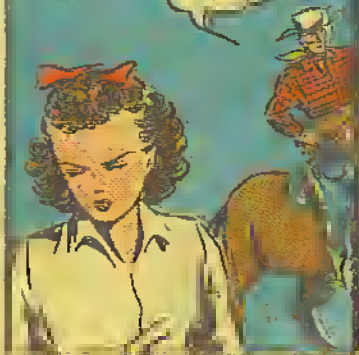


OH - SO HE'S A  
FIGHTER, EH?  
AND WHAT WUZ  
HE MIXIN' WITH  
CHUCK FER?



TED JUST RESENTED CHUCK'S  
REMARK THAT YOU DIDN'T LIKE  
"LITTLE INFANTS"  
HANGIN' ROUND  
YOUR CAMP -

I SEE - BUT  
WHO'S THE  
OTHER GUY -  
THE BIG BEARDED  
LUG?



GEE, I DUNNO, BILL - I NEVER  
SAW HIM BEFORE - DON'T KNOW  
WHERE HE COULD'VE COME FRUM  
ACTED LIKE HE WUZ A FRIEND OF  
TED'S, THOUGH - BOY HOWDY,  
HE SURE HAD ME SCARED!



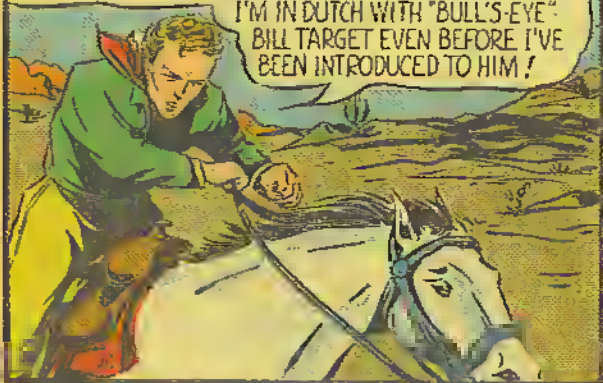
C'MON, BUNNY - WE'RE NOT GOIN'  
TO TH' RANCH - WE'RE GONNA GO  
STRAIGHT T' TOWN AN' FIND OUT  
WHAT TH' SHERIFF KNOWS ABOUT  
THOSE TWO COYOTES !!





IN THE MEANTIME, CAMERON GALLOPS OVER A LITTLE-USED BACK TRAIL TO THE HILLS -

CONFOUND IT - MIGHT'VE KNOWN THAT DUMB CLUCK'D MESS THINGS UP! THE LITTLE CHINAMAN BUMPED HIM - NOW I'LL HAVE TO SQUARE IT WITH THE BIG SHOT - AND I'M IN DUTCH WITH "BULL'S-EYE" BILL TARGET EVEN BEFORE I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO HIM!



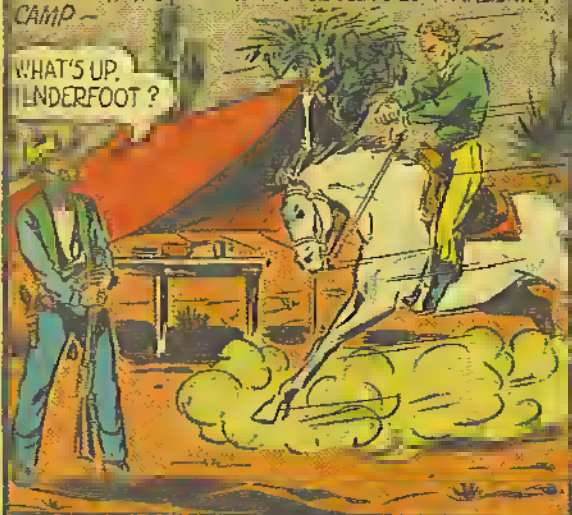
- AND REARS HIS HORSE ON THE LEDGE OF A SMALL CANYON -

HULLO TONY!  
IT'S TED -  
I'M COMIN'  
IN!



THEN CRASHES DOWN INTO A SECLUDED MAKESHIFT CAMP -

WHAT'S UP,  
TENDERFOOT?



CAN THE "TENDERFOOT" STUFF, WISEGUY! I'M IN A JAM - THAT STUPID BLACKBEARD JUST GOT CROAKED OVER AT TARGET'S CAMP, AND I JUST TANGLED WITH TARGET HIMSELF - WE GOTTA TELL THE CHIEF - BLACKBEARD HAD THE PAPERS LAST TIME I SAW HIM, AND THEY MUST BE IN HIS POCKET YET!



THEY ARE STUPID! NOW WOT'LL WE DO? YOU GOTTA GIT THEM DOCKYMINTS BACK, AN' GIT 'EM PRONTO! TH' BOSS'LL BE HERE ANY MINIT! NOW VAMOS - AND GIT THEM PAPERS!



CAMERON WHEELS HIS HORSE, AND DASHES BACK TOWARD BILL'S CAMP -

LEAVE IT TO A DUMB DUDE TO BALL THINGS UP!





AND IN TOWN BILL AND DAWN RIDE UP TO  
THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -

HERE WE ARE, BUTCH -  
LET'S GIT INSIDE

SHERIFF

HOWDY, BILL!  
JES 'TH' LAD  
I'M LOOKIN' FER!

HOWDY, BOB! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE -  
DAWN AND I 'RE LOOKIN' FER  
YOU -

YEAH? WHAT'S WRONG NOW?  
YER PAL CASEY IN TROUBLE  
AGIN?

NAW - IT AIN'T STEVE THIS  
TIME, BOB - I WANT SOME  
INFORMATION ABOUT A DUDE  
NAMED "CAMERON" - A FRIEND  
OF DAWN'S PAW, I UNDERSTAND -  
WAADD'YA KNOW  
ABOUT HIM?

CAMERON? OH YEAH - BLEW INTA TOWN  
JES' T'OTHER EVENIN', DIDN'T HE? WAAL,  
NOW, HE MAY HAVE SUMP'N T'DO WITH WHAT  
I WANNA TALK T'YA ABOUT - DAWN, YE'D  
BETTER GIT ON HOME - THIS AIN'T  
FITT'N' FER YE T'HEAR -

AWW!

DAWN LEAVES, DISGRUNTLED, AND THE SHERIFF  
GIVES BILL SOME INTERESTING NEWS - - -

BILL, Y' REMEMBER SOMETIME BACK WHEN  
DAWN'S PAW, OLD MAN PARSONS, WAS SICKLY  
HE MADE OUT SOME PAPERS,  
THINKIN' HE MIGHT KICK  
'TH' BUCKET - ?

YEAH...GO ON!

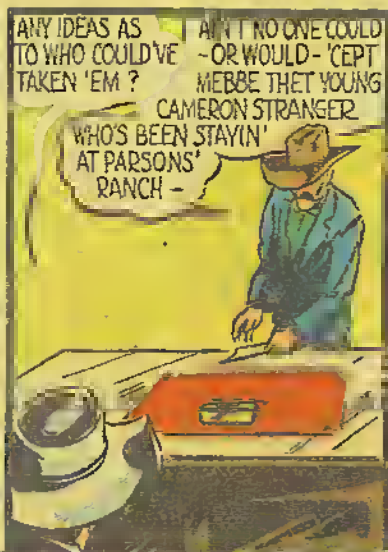
WAAL, TH' MOST IMPORTANT OF THEM PAPERS WUZ HIS WILL,  
WHICH WE FILED AN' LOCKED UP - BUT  
SOME O' TH' REST UV 'EM WERE  
MINING CLAIMS, TITLES, AN'  
DEEDS - THERE WUZ SOME  
OTHER PAPERS, TOO, WHICH  
HE SIGNED, BUT LEFT BLANK  
FER TH' MISSUS T' FILL OUT -  
ALL THEM PAPERS EXCEPT  
TH' WILL ARE MISSIN', BILL!!





OH! THAT  
AIN'T SO  
GOOD!

"AIN'T SO GOOD" IS RIGHT!  
THEM PAPERS, IF THEY  
WUZ FILLED OUT BY SOME  
CROOK, COULD COST OLD  
MAN PARSONS HIS  
ENTIRE ESTATE?



ANY IDEAS AS  
TO WHO COULD'VE  
TAKEN 'EM?

AIN'T NO ONE COULD  
-OR WOULD- 'CEPT  
MEBBE THET YOUNG  
CAMERON STRANGER  
WHO'S BEEN STAYIN'  
AT PARSONS'  
RANCH -

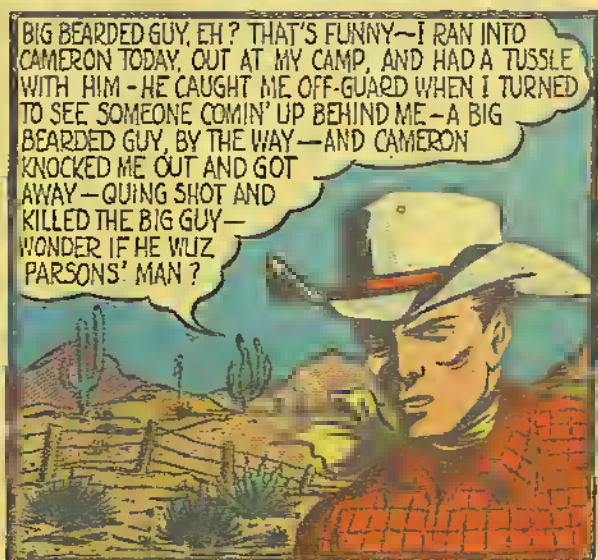


YEAH, C'MON - LET'S GO  
PARSONS' NOW, AND TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND

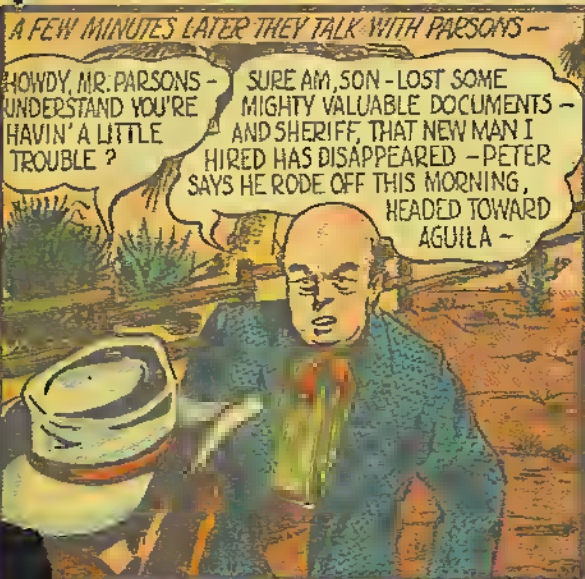


ANY OTHER STRANGERS  
BEEN SEEN AROUND  
PARSONS' PLACE?

YEAH - THE OLD MAN TELLS ME  
HE HIRED A NEW GUY YESTER-  
DAY - A BIG HEAVY-BEARDED  
MAN NAMED HURSTON - PARSONS  
HIRED HIM FOR THE ROUND-UP



BIG BEARDED GUY, EH? THAT'S FUNNY - I RAN INTO  
CAMERON TODAY, OUT AT MY CAMP, AND HAD A TUSSELE  
WITH HIM - HE CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD WHEN I TURNED  
TO SEE SOMEONE COMIN' UP BEHIND ME - A BIG  
BEARDED GUY, BY THE WAY - AND CAMERON  
KNOCKED ME OUT AND GOT  
AWAY - QUING SHOT AND  
KILLED THE BIG GUY -  
WONDER IF HE WUZ  
PARSONS' MAN?



A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY TALK WITH PARSONS -

HOWDY, MR. PARSONS -  
UNDERSTAND YOU'RE  
HAVIN' A LITTLE  
TROUBLE?

SURE AM, SON - LOST SOME  
MIGHTY VALUABLE DOCUMENTS -  
AND SHERIFF, THAT NEW MAN I  
HIRED HAS DISAPPEARED - PETER  
SAYS HE RODE OFF THIS MORNING,  
HEADED TOWARD  
AGUILA -



HEADED WEST, EH? THEN HE'D HAFTA RUN  
ACROSS MY CAMP - THAT MUST BE THE HOMBRE  
QUING KILLED! LET'S  
GIT OUT THERE  
FAST, BOB!



OUT AT THE CAMP CAMERON TEARS UP TO QUING, WHO PROMPTLY CHALLENGES HIM—



YEAH, "IS ME," YOU LITTLE RAT! NOW DIG— OF THIS, JUST FOR FUN!

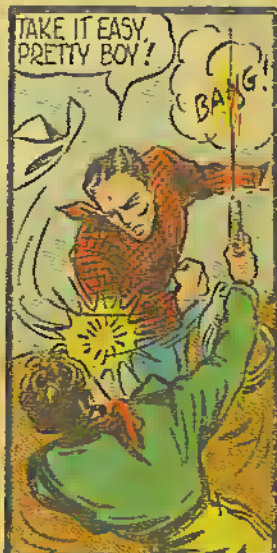


SWELL! WITH THESE SIGNED PAPERS I'LL HAVE PARSONS IN A BAD SPOT! HE KILLED MY OLD MAN TEN YEARS AGO FOR LIFTING A LITTLE CASH—AND HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR IT NOW! STUPID FOOL—HE THINKS THAT I'M HIS PARTNER'S SON—IF HE ONLY KNEW! AND TRENT—HE THINKS I'M GETTING THESE PAPERS FOR HIM—HA!—HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!—NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE—HEAD FOR THE CITY, AND TAKE CARE OF SOME SMALL-SIZED FORGERY!—AND LET PARSONS LAUGH

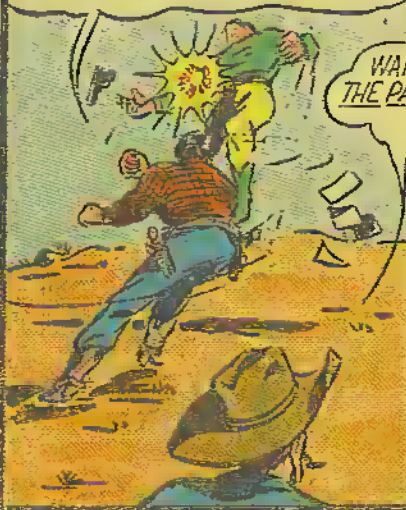
THAT OFF! IF TRENT WANTS TO GET HIM TOO, HE CAN GET HIM HIMSELF—THIS IS MY PARTY!



HAVING WOUNDED QUING, CAMERON LEAPS FROM HIS HORSE AND DROPS BESIDE HURSTON'S DEAD BODY, GRABBING THE PAPERS FROM HIS VEST—



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY, THEY SAY, CAMERON—THIS IS FOR THE BLACK EYE!



YEAH—ALLOF 'EM! CAMERON WILL HAVE A SWEET TIME EXPLAININ' THIS!



AND SO TO THE COUNTY JAIL FOR CAMERON, AND THE HOSPITAL FOR QUING—BUT WHAT ABOUT DAWN? SHE SEEMS TO LIKE TED—PERHAPS SHE'LL—BUT NO! LET'S WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE NEXT ISSUE

